

# LONDON SOCIETY.

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## OXFORD MEMORIES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWENTY YEARS IN THE CHURCH," "AGONY POINT," &c.

I THOUGHT, when first I went to college, that I was going to be altogether my own master, but I soon found something of the restraint of school come over again. Chapel once a day at least was enforced, and there were lectures which detained me till twelve or one o'clock. The gates were closed to egress at nine p.m. It was penal to be out after twelve p.m. and after three a.m. it counted the same as if you were out all night, and involved a sentence of rustication. And even if you knocked in frequently after ten o'clock you would be treated with a little questioning and admonition. Add to these checks the fact that, with few exceptions, our visiting acquaintances were chiefly in college, and you will see that we lived as regards the Dons very much under their inspection and control. It was not generally considered that the scouts, who commonly held their appointments for life, would naturally be more in the interests of their old masters, matured into Tutors or Fellows, than of the undergraduates, and no doubt much information as to the practices of the men was privately conveyed by this ready channel.

The Dons, over their wine in the Common Room, would frequently compare observations as to the character and the habits of the men. A knowledge of their "set," and companions would alone tell them much, and thus in various ways we might be said to have lived in glass houses.

For great offences, rustication, or being sent to the paternal home to ruralize, or, as Short construed it, "to give our manners and morals a little airing," was the punishment. But this was not likely to be the fate of any men whose dissolute habits had not previously been scanned as aforesaid. Besides the offence of staying out a whole night, a noisy and uproarious wine party has been visited with this punishment. I remember Gregson, a man who was almost mad when excited with wine, in a room unfortunately nearest the President's study, once stood on the table and, enacting a shuffle and cut among the glasses and dessert dishes, made a speech and then sang a song with a chorus of men as excited and loud as himself. Robinson, in whose rooms this outrageous folly took

place, was next day summoned before a Common Room, but pleaded it was not his party; he had lent his rooms to a friend, the practice sometimes of men who, near the end of their residence, were indifferent to the wear and tear of the furniture to be passed on to their successor. When asked to name the friend, Robinson respectfully declined, having been implored by his friend Lear to save him from rustication. Lear feared his father would be so incensed that he would never trust him at Oxford again, whereas Robinson's father was believed to be more easily reconciled. Robinson, therefore, had to bear the consequences, and to leave the next day. I happened to be a near neighbour to his family at Bath and saw a little of the way the news was received. The old gentleman's equanimity was sorely tried by one of my friends whom he happened to consult for explanation.

"What is the meaning of rustication?"

"Why, how much will this term cost you?"

"About seventy pounds."

"Well, then, you will have to pay this over again. The nature of the punishment is very ingenious and peculiar in effect; it is simply this—the Dons visit the sins of the sons on the pockets of the fathers, for not teaching their sons better, and then the fathers are pretty sure to make the home for the time rather hot for the sons."

Though a very laughable, it is a very true explanation.

The man who has what the porter called "his walking ticket" finds a sad gloom at home, and very sinister looks in his father's friends and neighbours, who always suspect that there may be more than college frolics to account for the disgrace. There may be some exceptions, but I never knew any men rusticated who were not throwing all their academical opportunities away, and were with good reason a cause of anxiety to their friends. What is termed "expulsion" is very rare; I hardly ever knew an instance. Men were always allowed to take their names off, and had a chance of entering—not, indeed, another college, for no college would receive them, but at a hall. Halls were not so particular. St. Mary's Hall—"Skimmery," as it was called—for that reason had the name of "Transportation Hall," or "Botany Bay," in those days; but now, the President will admit of no excuse; he will receive only those who have never been at any other college; and probably other Halls are also less disposed to give the reprobate another chance.

This leads me to speak of New Inn Hall, and how we Trinity men had the honour (?) of establishing it.

About the time of the Reform Bill, the idea of Reform and the liberty of petitioning had become very widely prevalent, and I suppose this spirit of liberty generally had extended to the University. For, one day, being quite a freshman and disposed to look up with reverence to men who had been promoted in Hall

some five tables above me as a mark of seniority, I received a visit from Welbore, one of the most distinguished of the Scholars, to ask me to sign a petition; "something for the benefit of the college." This sagacious document proved to be nothing less than a petition to the President to the effect that—Whereas the then Dean, Mr. Mitchell, was in the habit of setting unusually long and very frequent impositions for missing chapel, coming in late, or other minor offences, visited heretofore far more lightly, and whereas thereby the valuable time of studious men was greatly wasted, your petitioners do herewith pray, &c., in short, do pray for the President to interfere with the Dean on behalf of those whom the Dean was officially appointed to keep in order.

As a freshman of course I deferred to the opinion of my elders, supposed to be better acquainted with college ways, and I added my name. A few of the old stagers said, No; the Scholars dare not sign it; the Dons had a hold on them, and if they do sign, they will be the first to give way and eat humble pie.

This proved but too true; the petition was deemed an impertinence, and an offence against all college discipline, and the Scholars were the very first to be called to account, being considered, by the wisdom and bounty of Sir Thomas Pope and other founders, as a select class, to support authority and to set a good example. Indeed the Scholars were never elected, even after examination, till some inquiry had been made as to their habits of steadiness of conduct. The Scholars were at once shown a form of recantation and apology, drawn up in Latin, and this they were required to sign.

My old friend Webster argued that he had never intended to imply any disrespect whatever.

"If you didn't," said Short, "the words did. So sign this apology at once, or lay aside your Scholars' gown."

"But," said Larken, "I have a right to petition, even the Queen."

"Certainly," said Short. "And the Queen can't rusticate you, but we can. Don't talk nonsense; you are not here as a free citizen of England, but *in statu pupillari*, to be taught to behave yourself."

Part of the Latin apology ran thus: *eo quòd contumaciter se gesserint.*

"What is the meaning of behaving *contumaciter*," asked Wratlaw. "Why, *bumptiously*, to be sure," said Lane, "and a very good interpretation too." After the Dons had settled with the Scholars, I like all the rest was called before the Common Room, a most august assembly then held in Hall; for the usual Common Room would not hold so large a number of offenders.

After a preliminary address, full of words of astonishment and indignation, the old President, with a heavy fist on the table, said, "What in the world could you mean by such a petition?" Here

he paused; and our friend Charlie—who, standing nearest to the President, felt bound to say something—put on a very innocent expression of countenance and said,

"All I knew, gentlemen, was, that it was a petition. I am not in the habit of reading petitions, they are all so much alike, but I always take the precaution of asking if there is anything to pay—but they said there was nothing to pay—and so I signed."

This was said in Charlie's queerest of all queer ways, and almost disturbed the gravity of the Dons.

But there were four men, who partly from principle, and partly to be quixotic and to show off, refused to sign, or to do an imposition, for this was required of them as seniors and knowing better. Short tried hard to coax them, because I believe he admired their honesty, and said to George Curvan—who at Neverton knows not the Reverend George—"Do it in any time and in any way, but do it, and don't foolishly separate yourself from Trinity, so near the end of your career and your degree." Still Curvan, and with him three others, his old chums, steadfastly refused. Two at least of the four, if not all of them, were still further distinguished as forming the noted crew called the "Ugly four oar." I am sorry to make so personal a remark, but this crew was so celebrated that Birmingham of Trinity reminded me of that ill-favoured quartette only last week—more than fifty years after date. These four took their names off Trinity, and went to New Inn Hall—a surprise to Dr. Cramer, then a sinecure principal of a Hall, up to that time without a single man in it—and then they gave a reality to an institution up to that time a mere abstraction and a name. These four were soon joined by three others, whose morals and manners happened not to suit their respective colleges, and we called that worthy party "The seven deadly sins."

A few years before this there had been an extensive migration from Christchurch. Dr. Gaisford, one of the first Grecians in Europe, then Dean of Christchurch, held the red coats of the hunting men in utter abomination, and said he would have no such colours within his walls.

Whereupon it was voted that he should have rather too much of that colour. And true to the word, one morning red enough met his eyes. The walls and windows of the Deanery, as high as men could reach, were all painted red. This was at first supposed to be the actual handiwork of the same evilly disposed men who planned it, but a glazier, regarding it with more curious eye, said, "No gentleman ever did all that; there was such a deal to do in the time, and (examining closely) the work is good. I'm blessed if they mustn't have been regularly brought up to the business." This proved to be true. The delinquents had brought painters from London for the purpose, for no Oxford tradesman would undertake it. So I knew a workman from Abingdon employed to



make a duplicate key for the gate of Trinity Garden. The Oxford townsmen descry danger in such orders, however well paid.

The Duke of Wellington's son was fully believed to have been implicated in this strange frolic, but as evidence failed the Dons resented the offence on some other pretence. The Duke, as a strict disciplinarian, let his son do the imposition which was set him, and then, from a sense of unfair play, removed him from Christchurch.

Another instance occurs to me of the vigilance of the College Dons, and the keenness with which they reason from the known habits of a man. This I first observed in the case of Barham of Balliol. Balliol was at that time rather more strict in discipline than some other colleges. Barham used to be quite surprised at the noisy parties which passed unnoticed in his friend Webster's room. They were both Shrewsbury men; a school by no means as famed for manners as for scholarship at that time. Well, at one of Webster's parties we heard that Barham of Balliol had been confined to gates for the whole term, that is, not allowed to go out after the first closing of the gates at six o'clock, as a bad boy, not to be trusted out in the dark by himself. And Barham had found a weak point in the Balliol fortress, in the wall dividing Balliol garden from Trinity, just under the window of Webster's room, and if before we left we would give him a leg up to the top of the wall, he could drop, by the help of a tree to the other side, and be all right. *Oh, nescia mens hominum!* In due time this was done. We wished him a good-night, singing, "For he's a jolly good fellow, &c.," and with his last words he made an appointment with me about some duck shooting for the next day.

The next day I found him quite an altered man, with such a long face that I said, "What, all in the downs! Has anything happened?"

"Rusticated," he replied, "and what's worse the governor will be up here to-morrow. I have denied—pleaded 'not guilty,' that is—and have since stuck to it, because the porter only said he had seen not me, but only some one like me, drop down from the wall."

Next day the father came, like other fathers believing too readily his own son, though the greatest sinner must be somebody's son after all; and, fully prepared to maintain his son's perfect innocence, he went to Barham's tutor. A father—unless like Brownie's, he turned accuser—is sure to be tenderly handled on such an occasion by men of the class of Oxford tutors; so Mr. Barham was courteously received and addressed with some sympathy, and then the tutor proceeded to quietly talk over the son's little misfortune, and to explain, for the father's complete satisfaction, the chain of evidence on which the Common Room had acted.

First of all, knowing the habits of Barham and his many Shrewsbury friends, who led to far more out-of-college visiting

than was good for him, this tutor suspected that Barham would try to defeat him in his attempt to confine him to college; and therefore the porter had strict orders to watch the gate.

Secondly, the porter had noted, on the evening in question, that Barham had gone out before closing of gates at six o'clock and had not, up to that time, returned, neither did he re-enter college that way at all.

Thirdly, presuming that he dare not enter by the gates the Tutors had set an under porter to watch the only practicable scaling-point of the garden wall. This man reported that he saw some one, in figure and height like Barham, jump off the wall, dodge him between the trees, and finally escape up Mr. Barham's staircase; he followed this person as fast as he could, and found Barham's room—which a little before had been open and Mr. Barham absent—now tenanted, as he perceived by the sounds, and the "oak sported"—that is, the outer oaken door which shuts with a spring now closed.

Fourthly, Mr. Barham's boots were found covered with garden mould, and on comparing the boots with the marks, the foot-print evidence was by no means weak.

And lastly, if Barham had not been all that evening out of college, nothing could be easier for him than to name those friends in whose rooms he must have spent so many hours.

By this formidable evidence even Mr. Barham, senior, was convinced, and the son, after his repeated falsehood, was not simply rusticated but ordered to take off his name from the Balliol books.

Amongst the uproarious set of whom I have been speaking, the boating set, the "Hydro-maniacs," as Short named them, had the worst reputation. Short once wrote to the fathers of some of the more promising of "the Boat" saying that extravagance and midnight uproar called for parental interference to prohibit "the Boat" indulging in the very obvious metaphor that the son was too valuable to be wrecked on an eight-oared boat. Lewin, the late distinguished Chancery Counsel and author of "*Lewin on Trusts*," one of the Scholars at that time being famed for Athletics, had thoughts of joining the Boat, but soon received a hint that it would not do. A "Bump supper," on the occasion of a bump or a place gained on a racing night, used to be unusually uproarious with speeches, hurrying, and songs various. At Exeter College, too, the Dons held the Boat in equal abhorrence, and the crew anything but good company. Garibaldi's friend, Col. Peard, who at nineteen years of age weighed fourteen stone, in the "Tub boats," which preceded the then unknown "outriggers," deemed a powerful ally, was then most celebrated on the river, as was also Bob Lowe or Whiteheaded Bob, now matured into Lord Sherbrooke; he was the stroke oar of University College boat, and Pelham of Christchurch, now Bishop of Norwich, was by far the most distinguished as the best oar in Oxford. I think it was Peard

who, one day jealous of the reputation of the Exeter boat, took a book of boating rules to one of the tutors and showed how, adopting the principle of Horace laid down for athletes and implied in *abstinuit vino et venere*, they had enacted a set of fines, a five-shilling fine for the former, and a guinea fine for the latter violation both of *salus* and of *mores*. Much was his surprise at being met with the rejoinder. "Exactly as I have always maintained; these rules show plainly and are a written confession of the wild character of the men for whom you can anticipate the necessity for such fines; no decent men would want such rules." Some of the Boat were standing in the quad. awaiting the return of their delegate—and when the reply was told, Carter, full of Little Go Logic, called out, "I never heard such a fallacy. As well reason because there are laws against robbery that all men are thieves."

This college boat account was strictly kept, and those who had paid fines were duly entered, with the sums and the offences set against their names, quite in a business way, but with too little consideration that men would grow older, and it is to be hoped more moral, perhaps become Dons themselves, and then such a record of past days might be found rather inconvenient. This proved true of A. B., afterwards fellow and tutor, whose name, for ten years after at least used to be shown—with his offence monosyllabically expressed and credited with £1 1s., duly paid—to every freshman, till at last some friend abstracted the page and destroyed all record of their tutor having perhaps consulted the celebrated Dr. Tuckwell, designated by a most apt quotation, *Mercurialium custos virorum*.

Our college boats sometimes were purchased by a private subscription amongst the crew and a few friends, but generally there was a voluntary rate levied on all the men, it being considered that the boat and its anticipated victories were for the honour of the college generally. There were no college boat-houses in those days. Stephen Davis's barge, with a dressing room on one side of the river by Folly bridge, and Hall's boat-house on the opposite side, supplied the only accommodation, but then the racing boats numbered only six or seven, and Christchurch, with its Eton and Westminster training, could always be at the head of the river, unless they took it too easily and failed to practise sufficiently.

If I have said much of Mr. Short it is because "Tom Short," his familiar name with all parties—there were two other Shorts, one Augustus Short of Christchurch—was, more than any other man, part and parcel not only of Trinity College, but for many years of Oxford at large. He survived nearly every one of his Oxford contemporaries, Dr. Routh of Magdalen, who lived within three weeks of a hundred years, included; though Dr. Symonds of Wadham, yclept "Big Ben," Dr. Marsham of Merton, and Bursar Smith

of Trinity, all attaining nearly ninety years, were pretty strong competitors in the race of life. The last time I saw Short he said he was seventy-five, and in talking of his college experience he said, "A man's fate all depends on the nursery—on the mother, not the father; the father commonly has little to do with the boy till the bent is given and the foundation of character is laid; all depends on the mother. Of course I am myself too old to marry, but to my young friends I give this solemn caution,

"Be sure you never marry a fool; I have long observed that women who are fools swarm with children and spoil them all."

This advice struck me as quite original, save I had once heard an old lady, a noted character, and an authoress, say, in speaking of the evangelical clergy, "The lower the church, the larger the family;" but that Short's study and observation in natural history should have resulted in a discovery of the law that the greater fool (feminine), the larger the family, this was quite a new piece of information.

But there were, in Trinity College in my time, two remarkable characters of very different kinds, save that they were both of the old style and belonging to a now extinct species. Old Ingram, our President, would be as difficult to find in duplicate as Tom Short. And, be it remembered, that here I am simply giving my recollections, positive facts, however exceptional, and fact is often stranger than fiction. I "nothing extenuate and set down naught in malice"—but old Ingram is no more set forth as a typical president than Tom Short as a typical tutor of the day. Both were anomalies and I may say anachronisms, as "men born out of due time," and that time much behind the present day. Who in any day in this century ever saw the like I cannot tell.

Dr. Ingram was, in my time, publishing, in parts, his "Memorials of Oxford," and as to any college administrations, this seemed to be entirely in the hands of Short as Vice-President. You heard of the President when a Common Room was called for a bill of pains and penalties; the only other cases of interference I remember are indeed such as are never to be forgotten, and would hardly be believed.

I once heard of two men on a stage coach, one of whom whispered with much indignation to the other, "This is too bad of these coach proprietors. We are actually paying high fares to sit next to, and in company with, Jack Ketch!" "Never mind," said the other, "it takes all sorts of people to make a world." So we may be allowed to record the eccentricities of those designed by nature to break the monotony, and fill up the odd corners.

I must introduce old Ingram as a church militant or physical-force man. In his youthful days he had attained some celebrity as a Cornish wrestler; and when you marked his breadth of chest and width of hips you would the more easily believe it. Perhaps he would have pleaded these early habits for being on sundry

occasions too ready with his hands. Poor Graham, who was afterwards drowned with Surtees of Exeter by the swamping of a sailing boat, one evening, just under the President's desk in chapel, sank on his side and fell asleep. As the President rose to leave and saw him, he stepped round to him and as he did not move began pounding the side of Graham's head with open palm. Graham sprang up in a maze and before he knew where he was he felt a tremendous thrust in his back that sent him staggering into the chapel vestibule.

After witnessing this as a freshman, I began to form peculiar ideas of a President, and soon I had a repetition of the same force of character nearer home. I happened to have a wine party, consisting not of the uproarious men described, though one of that set, yeleft Count Wratislaw—this mock Hungarian title which we gave him at college was in later life seriously counted as his own—entered, rather the worse for a party he had just left, about nine o'clock, with a French horn in his hand, and this noisy instrument he began to blow, and a few minutes after the door was thrown violently open and in burst the President. All was consternation. "Cut," cried our friend Charlie, and in a moment all had rushed headlong out of the room, awaiting the result in the darker corners of the lower passage and staircase, and leaving me with Wratislaw in a state of heavy stupidity and wholly unconscious of what had happened, for the President was standing behind his chair, "I have been annoyed, sir, by that horrid trumpet for——"

"Poo-oo-oo," blew Wratislaw.

"I have been annoyed," I say (snatching it out of his hand), "by this trumpet for the last fortnight, and——"

"A sure sign it wasn't me, for I've only been up a week."

"What! Giving me your impertinence, sir, indeed! I'll beat it about your head, if you dare talk so to me."

As he said this, he held the heavy and sharp-edged French horn in so menacing a manner to Wratislaw's unprotected scalp, standing right over him, that I instinctively placed myself between them.

Ingram, carrying off the horn, soon left the room, ordering us both to call on him the next morning.

To me he said very little; he had heard that Wratislaw had been but a few minutes in my rooms. With Wratislaw, the following was the little confab,

"For your conduct last night, sir, I suppose I can do nothing less than send you home."

"I have no home, sir."

"Well, go back to your father."

"I have no father, sir."

"Then go to your mother."

"I have no mother either, sir."

"What, no father and no mother either at your time of life?"

"No, sir, and I never had any, that is——"

"Never had a father or mother! What do you mean, sir? Why, you surely don't mean to say you came into the world like Adam and Eve."

Here he began to relax and laugh a little at his own quaint illustration.

"I was going to add, sir, none that I ever knew—they died in my infancy."

"And so you came here to be your own master. This will not do—you have been most irregular ever since you came, missing lectures, and absent from chapel often, and knocking in late—very unlike what you ought to be in every respect. Why, see, here's a college cap," he seized and shook it, and as the broken board in the top of it rattled ridiculously, he shook it again; "Yes, and I heard you brought in a live animal into college in a sack at twelve o'clock at night. Go, sir! go—I can't say just now what I shall do in your case."

Wratislaw said: "I heard no more of it, but when I found he knew of the badger story, I thought all was up with me."

Wratislaw, just before, had bought a badger of Hoskings of Cowley, in a sack, and brought it into college. But the difficulty was to know what to do with it for the night. Briggs let him empty the sack into his cupboard. Little sleep that night for any one near, the creature scratched so to get free; and next day, when the cupboard door was opened, every man jumped on to a chair for fear of teeth fixed in his legs. At last Hoskings, as before arranged, came, caught up the badger by the tail, as he alone knew how, replaced it in the sack, and took it off to Bullingdon, for all the dogs of all the scum of the slums to chase it.

But of the President, in his physical-force character, Tom Cripps, the college confectioner, had a tale to tell—a tale, so well remembered, that forty-five years after date, little Walker's successor, the college porter, related it truthfully to me, an instance of most correct tradition.

The extravagance of our breakfast parties and supper parties had been very great, so it was arranged that we should have cold meat for breakfast, as we always had for supper, from the college buttry, and then there could be no reason that anything of the sort should be more expensively ordered from Cripps and Co. This law was sometimes broken, as the Dons knew, and they were all at this time on the alert. One morning, the President, just by the iron gates in Broad Street, met Tom Cripps with a large and suspicious-looking hand-basket, stopped him and asked what it contained.

"Only a little toast and muffins, sir."

"Pull off the cover."

This was done.



‘ You infamous liar ! Do you call this toast and muffins ? ’—so giving the basket a whirl, he sent kidneys, cutlets and broiled chickens flying into the little plantation on the left.

No doubt, for a busy and studious man, and something of an antiquary, a lot of thoughtless, noisy youths must have been very irritating. Once a noisy party in the quad. near his door, and not far from his study window, were cracking a tandem whip. Out rushed Ingram, snatched the whip from a man’s hand, and flipped and flanked about right and left most vigorously, while the men ran screeching with laughter away.

After one of the worst of these vigorous sallies of the President, Short tried to smooth things off, and to persuade the indignant party that his offended honour would not suffer in public estimation by any means the same as if half as much had been done by a younger man.

Short was one of the best sort of tutors to keep the men in order. He was so certain and methodical in his ways ; to escape his vigilance was not easy, and the only safe excuse when found out was to be frank and open with him. Certainly he was rather pedagogic from early training. He told me that after he was elected Scholar of Trinity he had leave of absence for a year to complete a mastership at Rugby, and at lecture he showed a degree of grammatical accuracy and a certainty in his familiar negative, “ you’re wrong,” not common with other tutors. For tuition requires practice ; you begin to question your own knowledge when first you find yourself in a position requiring you to pronounce a decided negative and to correct others. Isaac Williams was a man of more taste and an elegant scholar, yet when a man at lecture made a mistake, he seemed to hesitate and to want nerve or certainty to contradict him.

Dr. Homer was a celebrated tutor at Rugby in Short’s time, and his son, Philip Homer, was confided to Short’s care at Trinity, but Philip was a strange creature. Once Short said at lecture : “ Mr. Homer, that is not the way your father would have rendered that.” “ My father, sir,” was the reply, “ was a cracked-brain sort of man.” This utterance was received by Short with a solemn pause, but Philip was called back after lecture. The truth was, the son was crack-brained, and what seemed oddities at college soon developed into something more to be lamented. One vacation Philip went to stay at the hotel at Capel Curig, in North Wales. There his strange ways attracted the attention of a clergyman, who watched over him, and treated him kindly, while he communicated with Philip’s friends. One day Philip started with some bread and wine, as he said, to administer the Sacrament on the top of Snowdon. As he did not return by the evening, men were sent in search of him, but it was only after a week that a shepherd’s dog led the searchers to a kind of natural alcove, and there lay poor Philip on a bed of fern which he had

made for himself, and with his feet in the pockets of the skirts of his coat, which he had torn off apparently to give his feet warmth. He had no doubt lost his way in a dense fog, and perished from cold.

In 1843 I visited the hotel, where I found the sad story had by no means lost its interest; and the old waiter led me to Philip's grave, then covered with a large altar-formed monument, to one "who died much to be lamented in 1835."

Thirty years after, in another Welsh tour, I sought the same spot; but in that well-remembered corner all now was level and plain turf, and sheep were feeding. *Etiam periere ruinæ!* The explanation readily occurred to me; gravestones are stolen like other things and with less chance of discovery.

A friend, in turning up his hearthstone, close to the Barnstaple churchyard, read, "Sacred to the memory, &c.," and the gravedigger let me into a secret that it was a common practice to take Smith's old headstone to cover over Jones's new grave. And in the beautiful B— abbey, asking the sexton if there was room for many more, I was informed: "Why, sir, sometimes we're forced to make room after twenty years or so, and when the family have left B— we think they've had enough on't."

Still I felt a little at the reflection that one with whom I had spent so many friendly hours, and who had amused me much and with whom I truly sympathized, was already so ruthlessly blotted out, the last trace gone of where he once had been.

"This way to madness leads," says King Lear; and I think I have had, among my friends, rather more than the average on this broad highway. I agree with Horace that all men are mad: it is only a question of degree, and Dr. Johnson would apply that name very extensively when he says it applies to all with whom imagination predominates over reason. Philip Homer was only one of three men at college, counted only queer and eccentric, who afterwards went raving mad.

"What an odd fellow is Fowler!" men said, "so fond of pugilism." He one day met an Irish beggar and offered him half-a-crown for one blow at his face, and a blow that astonished the poor fellow that he would have run away without his money had not Flowers gone after him. Some years after, when ordained to a curacy in Wales, he was still more eccentric. His first lesson for the morning service was for everlasting from Genesis: when asked why he did not adhere to the table of lessons he said, he had a fancy to ground his parishioners well at first start.

No wonder that such a man should have ended in a barred room, and with a strait-waistcoat.

Luckie was another of the so-called eccentric school. He gave up for his degree twenty-four books, more by half than the best men proposed for the highest honours, and took his seat in the schools, reading a common cram book—the very sight of

which, as the examiner took it from his hands, to say nothing of the impropriety of taking any book, was enough to prove an *alibi* of all sound knowledge. As poor Luckie knew very little, and as he floundered over one passage after another, he was told, "Mr. Luckie, we like candidates to bring up a few books and to know something. You have made a very common mistake; you have brought up many books and know nothing." As to taking any class after this, it was quite out of the question.

Luckie just scraped through.

"Mr Luckie," said Short, "whatever induced you to give up so many books?"

"Why, sir, I found it hard to choose; I knew as much of one as of another."

"At that rate you might have named the whole Bodleian," was the reply.

The explanation of all this folly was lunacy developed and declared a few years after. Yes, and not a few, if they had any feeling, must have been ashamed of the part they once had taken in persecuting a weak and nervous creature, as being ridiculous and fair game, when they found at last that it was a case to be pitied, of incipient disease. This teasing and irritation was carried so far that Short once detained me after lecture and said he wished to speak to me as one he believed kindly disposed to Fowler—that Fowler was constitutionally weak and nervous; and the rough play and tricks to which he was exposed, Dr. Tuckwell had assured him, was confirming a certain nervous tendency, and was most injurious to his constitution.

I replied, "I have no doubt, sir, you anticipate my reply. Fowler has acute sensibilities and good feeling, and yet he has unfortunately fallen among a comparatively rough set. I will advise Fowler quietly to draw off from them without exciting resentment by any downright cut, and I will speak to the men in question privately, and draw attention to Dr. Tuckwell's opinion, and let them see the injury they are doing Fowler by what they only mean for jest and play. Short said this was exactly what he desired. But it was all too late; Fowler became gradually worse and demented, and a few years after he died of a nervous fever.

But, short of mental disease, there is usually some poor, brainless creature at Oxford, the victim of many plucks, and quite the notable character of his college and of his day. Such a man was one we called the Bishop of Pembroke, for that was his style from cut of coat and queer hat, and Pembroke the college he so highly honoured. As often as he went up for his little-go the schools were crowded. Often have I blamed myself for going, on one occasion with my old college chum Le Breton, father of Mrs. Langtry, a man with the least possible command of countenance, so keen was his sense of the ridiculous. Luckily we were seated

nearest the door. The subject was logic, and the question was about conversion of propositions, the principle of which, remember, was to alter the form while you preserved the sense.

"Now, Mr. Johnson, convert this proposition 'Cæsar conquered Pompey.'"

"Yes, sir, 'Pompey conquered Cæsar.'"

I could, had I been by myself, have been quite serious; but Le Breton was convulsed with laughter, and this set me off. The examiner made an attempt at indignant reproof but could hardly resist the contagion of the ludicrous. "Half-uttered accents hung upon his tongue," of which we were not slow to take advantage, and burst out of the schools and ran away, our explosive laughter, as we were told, being audible till we were quite clear of the quadrangle. It was the manner of the strange creature which was so hard to resist.

In this examination, as is commonly the case where examiners know they have some hard-striving man, but *invitâ Minervâ*, that is, all against the grain, they were all sympathy, and one of them said "Pray sit down, Mr. Johnson, and compose yourself."

"I am not at all nervous," was the innocent reply, "it is nothing in the world but my ignorance."

I am afraid he never graduated after all.

As to the old friend I have mentioned, not only had he a fine sense of the ridiculous, but he was apt to get into rather ridiculous positions. The very peculiar position in which he found himself one fine morning was rather a case in point. Davis, the nephew of a judge who had, at the Oxford assizes, sentenced a man to be hanged for rick-burning, came running, about eight o'clock, into our friend's room, and said:

"Come along, come, I can let you into a good thing; I have a ticket to see the man hanged."

Away they both rushed, threaded the mob to the jail gate, and presented their order.

"This way, then, gentlemen, this way," said the warder, "only just in time—through the chapel here—up those steps," and they found themselves, not as they supposed, only on some commanding height, but to their great surprise and that of the crowd assembled, there were two men in cap and gown on the top of the turreted gate, by the side of Mr. Calcraft and the poor creature to be hanged.

"How came you there?" said the Dean of Pembroke?"

"Quite by accident, sir."

"By what possible accident could a man slip on to the top of the jail and the gallows? A strange accident, indeed!"

Ah! Le Breton—many years the venerable Dean of Jersey—at college a man of much taste and strong memory. When ordained he proved an eloquent preacher, a good speaker, and with a talent for recitation, part of which gifts have descended on his daughter,

of world-wide fame, Mrs. Langtry. "Some men achieve greatness and some have greatness thrust upon them." We may add, some inherit greatness: but in this case it is all the other way; the stream flows back upon the fountain's head and the sire is made even yet more famous from his child.—Fame, indeed! One day, at Lord's Cricket Ground, at the Eton and Harrow match, there was some stir at the gate as if some distinguished person was coming: "Who is it, to cause this excitement?" I asked. "Either the Princess of Wales or Mrs. Langtry," was the reply; "it can be no one else." Well does Le Breton's child deserve her fame. Here was a young lady, drawn from comparative obscurity, first of all by no forwardness on her own part, into the highest circles of London society. Idolized and flattered, but not spoilt. Made the pivot—for there is always one—on which the world's folly for the day shall turn: A little later, by her husband's losses, she feels reverse of fortune; and, of course, soon found that nothing, against fashionable society, is such an offence as proving poor.—Not spoilt, did I say? No, here's the proof. By much laborious study and wonderful force of character, she qualifies for the stage. The night of trial comes; she dares the criticism of London and the certain opposition of the dramatic press. At once, from this single sample of her power, one of the first actresses of the day exclaims in my hearing: "As to succeeding, it is a success; she has already done what takes us years." Having carried the war into the provinces, she goes single-handed to America and in three years, by her astonishing energy, builds up a fortune and regains the independence from which she had fallen.

Well, but her father could stand hard work too. After a good day's work, to my lodgings in Holywell he used to come at four o'clock, and we read, till ten o'clock, with one half hour only for a tray of chops and pancakes, the whole of Aristotle's Rhetoric in six readings. He was at that time reading with one noted tutor, and I with another; at one time with—how times are changed!—the present Lord Chancellor Selborne, at Oxford, as now, the foremost man of his day, and afterwards with the late Bishop of London, a man with the best head for science of any of his time, and then at Pembroke college; and thus we used to make a sort of joint stock of what were called the crotchets or best things learnt from our respective Coaches. My friend was ultimately fellow of Exeter. I met him years after. Yes, only after many years, and this exemplifies a great peculiarity of the little world of Oxford life. Oxford draws, as to a centre, many hundreds of men who otherwise might never have seen each other. Friendships are formed. The most attached friends disperse and radiate north, south, east and west, and the friends who for twelve terms were rarely a day apart, never meet for years, if ever again. One casual and passing word I had with my old friend, I remember, the only time in thirty years, and he said he had been "Bear leading," a

word in his case most descriptive. "Such a rough and uncivilized young cub," he said, "it were hard indeed to match. I did my best to cultivate some taste and power of observation; but after seeing him put his head into St. Peter's at Rome, turn his nose up and back out again, and after seeing him blindly smoking and day-dreaming, and saying he saw nothing to look at where the Rigi and Pilatus cast their dark shadows over the Lake of Lucerne, I gave him up." "Don't you think," he said, "it is a palpable misnomer, as to the bills of mortality, to speak of so many million souls, as if they all had one a-piece, when, as in the case of this mere animal, daily experience contradicts it."

This bear-leading used to be another pet occupation, much desired by some men just after taking their degree, partly because the parental purse about that time can be drawn on no longer for arrears of college debts, for few men used to owe less than one year's income, whether their allowance was £200 or £500; and partly because to see foreign parts at some one else's expense was a temptation indeed. Instead of rustication I have known a father advised to keep his son away from college for a year, to give time for dissolute companions to leave. There was a chance for that bear-leader to take him abroad to enlarge his mind, of which he commonly had but little, and to keep him out of mischief, which knows neither time nor place, but far more frequently,

"To shape his old course in a country new."

But the appointment of travelling tutor was hard to obtain. The more common way to raise the wind was by "private coaching." This was of course rather of the nature of a speculation—for there was the certain expense of continued Oxford residence, and much uncertainty as to pupils.

Few men with anything less than first-class honours had much chance of succeeding, and unless socially and widely popular with all the connection to be derived from a public-school acquaintance, a man found it difficult to obtain a number sufficiently constant to be remunerative. Still, the temptation to make from £200 to £400 a year or more for working only half the year—for Oxford terms are little more—was so great that when once it was proposed to make no more examiners who had pupils, it was observed that there were no men qualified to be examiners who had none. I could name a Lord Chancellor who, to start with a purse, was obliged to sacrifice time most valuable to him, especially for about eighteen months after taking his degree, and before he could reside in Lincoln's Inn. Another, Lord Chancellor Westbury, lay under the same disadvantage, for some time detained as tutor at Westham College. Lord Sherbrooke, was, I think, nearly six years tutor or little-go examiner before he left for the Australian Bar, where one of his first cases was the defence of his old Winchester schoolfellow, Knatchbull, for murder.



Knatchbull's was a life of crime. At Winchester he bore a very unpromising character. He went into the navy and there embezzled a chronometer, and laid the blame on an officer, who was dismissed for negligence. Having been intrusted with the care of those taken to sea to be tried and timed, this ill-used officer, with a keen eye for every chronometer, espied the lost one in a shop in Holborn, traced the sale of it to Knatchbull, who was tried and transported for the offence. In Australia he was at one time the assigned servant to a friend of mine; and before that, while in the barracks, another of my friends officially employed there said, he remembered Knatchbull once came to him and volunteered for the office of flogger, to accompany him daily on his rounds to administer lashes, as the poor wretches were sentenced on complaints, and a most savage flogger he was. Having obtained a ticket of leave, he was kindly treated by an old woman, whom he poisoned to possess himself of her supposed riches; all he obtained was three-and-sixpence! Mr. Lowe tried to prove insanity, but failed, and Knatchbull was hanged.

"Mr. Lowe," said my friend Randall, "was the cleverest man I have ever read with. He was so near-sighted he seemed to depend very little on his sight and to know all his books by heart. He had the widest Oxford acquaintance of any man of my day. But Mr. Mitchell of Lincoln, much senior to Mr. Lowe and several times examiner, was, I think, the most distinguished of all Oxford Coaches, that is, he could boast of the greatest number of successful candidates for honours among his pupils. He said the best man he ever examined was the late Honourable W. Twistleton, a Scholar of Trinity in 1831. He said "Mine was hard work, with a man like Liddle (now Dean of Christchurch); my lecture was like an hour of pleasant conversation, but sometimes I have counted the very minutes on my watch, so bored with stupidity."

One of the latter style of pupils must have been Joe Burdon, whose idea of logic encouraged him mightily as to his chance of passing. He said he reasoned by rules of logic. His syllogism was this. "No man has yet been plucked who read with Mitchell in his present set of rooms. I have read with Mitchell in his present set of rooms. *Ergo*, I shall not be plucked." A proved fallacy, in more senses than one. Other Coaches had reputation rather for pass-men than for class-men. Among these Clifton of Worcester was most celebrated. I remember one day meeting Snowden of Worcester hastening to be in time for his examination, appointed to come on after two o'clock. He had been listening all the morning to the divinity examinations of other candidates and as he anticipated many of the same questions, he had run off to Clifton for a final cram. Clifton had before strongly urged him not to go up, disliking to have any plucked men to his account, but Snowden was lucky in having some of the same questions and passed.

## A COUNTRY AUCTION.

"DEAR WILDERS, do go over to Clutterbuck's sale and buy me one of his books. Poor Tommy Clutterbuck, what an age it seems since he looked over my scholarship papers!—and then we were dons together ever so long before you migrated to us. I must have something to remember him by. Ah, he told me once he had a fine copy of Pool's Synopsis. That would stand well beside my Chrysostom and the other folios. So sorry I couldn't get to the funeral, but it's a long way, and we had the school inspector with us that day." So I was in for it. Friendship isn't what it was in old Greek times, now that we're "eaten up with domesticity," as somebody says who has clearly married the wrong woman. But still one must do something for an old college friend like Stubbers. He, by the way, was a man who had a trick of getting what he wanted when we were fellows together at Coppernose. Besides, a sale used to be rather fun in my undergraduate days, when we sallied out, half-a-dozen together, to chaff the auctioneer and buy useless books, and still more useless pictures, by the glare of after-dinner gaslights. It was a lovely drive; a white frost with sun and crisp air, the hedges aglow with scarlet haws and the deep-red guelder rose and the pale coral spindle wood-berries. But when I saw a tent spread on Snaresham rectory lawn, and a goodly crowd already grimly seated round a set of boards on trestles, the preparations did strike me as a little too summery, and the whole thing seemed to promise far less fun than the only auctions I knew anything about. Besides, I was put out about my horse; half a score of strange beasts took up every inch of the stables where he had so often rested while his master's legs were under Clutterbuck's mahogany. It did seem hard that I, an old friend, should have to send my trap into the village. However, it was delightful work, studying the crowd. They tell me I'm growing cynical; but, anyhow, I'm sure human nature never shows to greater disadvantage than at a sale. There was Mrs. B., a vicar's wife from the next parish, with eyes as hungry as if she'd been one of the *Mignonette's* crew, looking at a fish-kettle which she told me she'd driven over on purpose to buy, and which (having bought it) she had put under the form she was sitting on and kept it beneath one of her feet for fear it might escape. There was E., prowling round more like a burglar than a respectable retired lawyer. "I've got my eye on his kneehole table," he whispered

to me. "Don't bid against me; that's a good fellow." "What a survival of old savagery," thought I, as I looked from one to the other. "It's humiliating. Nothing but the fear of the law keeps them from coming to blows over the spoil."

At last the crockery was brought in. Heavens, what a sight! Farmers' wives fighting for a set of chipped plates, each as eager as if her getting to heaven depended on her getting that particular lot knocked down to her. I chuckled as I remembered what an honest west-country broker used to say to my aunt. She was as fond of bargains, dear old soul, as any farmer's wife; but he always told her: "Never you buy clomb at a sale, ma'am. Lor' bless you, even I can never scarce touch it. I've seen clomb bring more nor twice as much as I could have bought better for new right out." But when the crockery was gone, and the glass and the knives, temptation came to me in the shape of a moderator lamp. Moderator! They're pretty well out of fashion now; but the name took me back to the days when I left college and set up house. I saw the tasty room over which our moderator (she and I had both chosen it) used to shed a mellow light; and when the auctioneer asked: "What shall I say for this very graceful lamp, not one of your stamped American novelties—Thank you, ma'am, you said five shillings, but that's no price,"—I couldn't help calling out "Six;" and then I'm sure I heard some one respond to the appeal: "Now, really, that very *distingué* article mustn't go at six shillings; what lady or gentleman will say 'Seven?'" So, to make sure, I cried "Seven-and-six;" and it was knocked down to me. "Why, you're bidding against yourself," said sharp Mrs. B., who, so changed from the sweetly courteous Mrs. B. of every-day life, wasn't in the least likely to bid against herself.

Time went on and my thoughts went off to the big house down in the hollow, where, before bad times had killed out hospitality, they (they're now abroad for the young ladies' health and their own pockets; and the home farm is let cheap to an old huncks)—where they, I say, used to give the pleasantest little dinners followed by the pleasantest little dances. I hate balls. "Parsons didn't ought to dance, unless they does it before the Ark like David," I once heard my coachman say to the gardener. I'm afraid John Coachman preaches now and then, and prays for his master up at chapel; he always comes to church on Sundays, of course, and sits in the choir and sings a wonderful bass; and it would be persecution to meddle with the way he spends his week-day evenings. But though I always did hate balls, a pleasant dance *en famille*, is quite another thing; and when I used to dine at the Hall with Slocombe, whose wife looked as if she were a Sir Peter Lely that had stepped out of its frame, I always had immense satisfaction in securing her for three or four dances, round and square. Then there was the church just below, between us and the Hall. I've preached there, and I know the big pew with the

retiring room that has a fire-place, and a table with a green-baize cover, on which, when the squire's grandfather was alive, wine and biscuits were always laid out on cold Sundays. They say Slyme, who had the living before Clutterbuck, used to linger on his way to the pulpit steps, in the hope of being asked to walk in and take a glass to help him through the sermon.

My meditations were broken by the auctioneer's man handing round a little low chair with pretty embroidery on the back. "Now, if that goes cheap," thought I, "I'll carry it off as a peace-offering." Why are peace-offerings so invariably expected from husbands past middle life? But it didn't go cheap; for Mrs. Rigby, a snug farmer's wife, had set her mind on it too; and when a woman's mind is set on anything she'll run up the bidding to a fabulous amount rather than give in. However, I won my chair, of which more anon; and at last the books were brought out, and my nerves got strung to concert pitch as, after Cruden's Concordance, and Stackhouse's Illustrated Bible, and Mosheim and a score more had gone off, the auctioneer, who knew a little of everything, and would have tried to explain the difference between the Brush and Jablochkoff and Hochhausen, and all the other kinds, if he'd been selling electric lamps, called out: "And, now, gentlemen, here's a really valuable work, Poli Synopsis, in five folio volumes complete, a valuable Latin Commentary by a great Protestant light. What shall I say for the five? Five shillings? Six, seven, eight, nine, nine-and-six, ten, ten-and-six." I reflected for a moment. It was only for a moment, though, during it, my thoughts wandered to Matthew Pool, of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, that strange nest of Puritanism. I remembered how he was rector of St. Michael-le-Querne, in Paternoster Row, one of the churches never rebuilt after the fire. He was ejected on black St. Bartholomew's Day, in spite of his good services in raising a fund to keep poor scholars at Cambridge, and also publishing his "Blow at the Root of the Romish Church." He became famous enough for that strange scoundrel, Titus Oates, to put him on the list of those whom, he said, the Papists were determined to take off. Pool actually believed it; there was a regular panic; men's minds were in a strange state; and Sir Edmundsbury Godfrey's death had not tended to calm them. So Pool went off to Amsterdam, and all the editions of the Synopsis except the first were published abroad. All this came into my mind; and I determined to get what I expected must be an *Editio princeps*. So I roared out "Twelve shillings," meaning to beat down all opposition by showing how determined I was. To my amazement there seemed to me a titter and a whispering at the auctioneer's end. I was a good way off and a little deaf; anyhow, down came the hammer; "It's yours, sir," said the auctioneer, blandly; and a few minutes after his man placed before me, not Pool, but a miserable parcel of odds

and ends—one of the Parker Society's reprints (I always hate reprints), three volumes of some "nobody's" sermons, Robertson on Diet and Regimen (as if I, who can say, like Molière's old man : *Nefais-je pas vigoureusement mes quatre repas par jour ?* wanted any advice on those subjects), Miss Yonge's *Marie Antoinette*, Vol. 3, and half-a-dozen more, equally valueless. "That's not my lot; I bought Pool's Synopsis." "Beg your pardon, sir, that was the lot just before, as was knocked down for half-a-guinea to that gent in the light-brown coat, a-standin' close to the guv'nor's chair," said the man. "There's some mistake. I must speak to the auctioneer." "Lor' bless yer, sir, he can't speak to you till it's over. I thought you was a-goin' to bid again, and there was plenty of time; but you seemed to drop it, somehow, all at once. But you'll see what the guv'nor says, sir. I'll tip you the wink, and you can move up, so as to be handy when it's about over." And so, while the rest of the library was sold—the illustrated books, over which the farmers' wives battled almost as keenly as they did over the crockery; the bibles and prayer books which fetched more than you could get better ones for at the S.P.C.K.; the miscellaneous rubbish (worse even than my collection), at a shilling the dozen volumes, I sat fuming, with that heap of odds and ends, for which I had paid so ridiculously, in front of me. When all the books were sold, I rushed up to the auctioneer to make my complaint. "Very sorry, sir, can't speak to you now. When it's all over, my man meant. Bless you, there's the live stock to sell, and the hay and the wine, what there is of it; and precious little daylight to do it all in, though the wine, thanks be, we can sell after dark." "Well, how long shall you be?" But instead of answering he was off with his firm decisive step and his cheery voice, followed by a troop of idlers, anxious to look at old Clutterbuck's half-bred Jersey cows. I was turning away indignant, like Naaman from the prophet's door, or Achilles when Agamemnon's agents wanted to make it up between them, when the "gent in the light coat" sidled up to me and said, in that unctuous way that I hate worse than *brusquerie* like the auctioneer's: "I hear you wished to buy Poli Synopsis, sir." I flatter myself that equanimity is my strong point. Once, at Oxford, when a party of us went one evening to humbug a phrenologist (phrenology wasn't then exploded—at least, it answered as well as anything else to ease undergrads of their superfluous cash), the fellow pitched on me and said I was sure to be chairman of any committee that I belonged to, and "boss" in general of any party that I was connected with. Somehow the world hasn't endorsed his verdict. I'm chairman of our vestry, and I was once made president of a local society for getting funds for a cathedral restoration. But this was because all the presidents were expected to give a thumping donation. But still I believe the phrenologist was right. I'm sure that

if I had to deal with men of various wills and tempers (men, I say; the other sex I don't profess to manage), my evenness of temper would come out triumphantly. But I must admit that just then I felt as if I should like to have some dynamite about me, were it not that dynamite, except in the practised hands of a Russian Nihilist, is such a very uncertain weapon. Happily I was able to crush down my temper; and instead of saying what came to the tip of my tongue—"I've been infamously treated; and you and the auctioneer were in league to rob me of a book which you must have seen that I, the Reverend Barton Wilders, ex-fellow and tutor of Coppernose, was bent upon having. It was a bit of sharp practice, sir, and I shall denounce it"—I contented myself with coldly replying: "There's a mistake, my good man; I bought Pool's Synopsis. I bid twelve shillings for it; and they've brought me the wrong lot, that's all." His reply was equally cold. "I'm sorry, sir, very; but Pool was knocked down to me for ten-and-six. No mistake about it. The auctioneer waited at least a second to see if any one would improve on the bid, and then he passed on to the next lot." I turned my back on him when he added, insinuatingly, "Dirt cheap, sir. The auctioneer might talk as he liked, but if he'd known the value of it, he'd have waited a good while longer before knocking it down to me. You see, sir, he has a deal too much to put into a short winter's day, poor man. I shall sell it for five and twenty shillings at least. But as you're anxious for it, sir" (here he became almost as confidential as a Jew who sputters into your ear that his offer for your old coat is half as much again as any one else will give you), "I don't mind letting you have it for eighteen." I again thought of dynamite; but then, if I didn't buy the book, what could I say to Stubbers? I remembered how the little cock-sparrow of a fellow used to pull out the big folios in our College library (he was as proud as a peacock of being undergrad sub-librarian), and dilate on the editions and the places of publication. I'd never seen Poli Synopsis since, save at that quaint little library over the school at King's Sutton, near Birmingham. What a contrast between that and the great King Edward's school, which supports in Chamberlainopolis some half dozen schools, male and female. And yet, at the time, the endowment of each was of the same value. There was money and there was land; and King's Sutton being a royal townlet, had the choice and chose the money, leaving to Birmingham the patch of marshy land, the value of which has so enormously increased. King's Sutton has, however, its old library, rich in Synod of Dort theology, and there I saw a Pool, published, I think, just two hundred years ago, at Utrecht. However, I couldn't argue, so I simply said: "It's rather an advance on my bid," and he replied as if he was doing me an immense service, "Well, sir, I'll tell you what. I don't mind your having it, under the circumstances, for the seven half crowns, seventeen and



six; not a farthing less to my own brother." So, glad to be rid of him, I paid for the book, got the auctioneer's note of price, and was going off to look for my man, when I bethought me of my twelve-shilling rubbish heap. "What'll you allow for that?" I asked. "Ah, that was a mistake on your part, sir. Those make-up lots are seldom worth much; and to tell you the truth I don't care to go in for that sort of thing. It's a little below me. I might do with the Parker Society book, but the rest I should have to pass on to some one else. I'll tell you what, I'll give you half-a-crown for the lot." I looked at him in a way that must have frightened him off, for I saw no more of him. And, as I walked across to find my trap, a happy thought struck me—that wine that the auctioneer seemed to think wasn't worth daylight. Why, Clutterbuck used to get the bursar to let him have some when we laid down our Carbonell and other choice brands. So, instead of waiting down at the inn, and then driving off as soon as my horse was ready, I told my man to pack the things and went back to the sale. I was just in time. Twilight had come, and it was raw and foggy. The half-bred Jerseys had been driven off by their admiring buyers; the man who'd bought the hay was vowing it wasn't up to much, and he'd been taken in. Most of the crowd was gone and the few who remained were in a desperate hurry, as was also the auctioneer. "I've got over a dozen miles to drive, cross country roads; and the moon will have set before I get out of this place," he said, as he hurried into the ample cellar. "Now, gentlemen, if you please. Port, yellow seal, six dozen and seven. That's the most there is of any one kind. There's sherry and madeira and claret and some parish brandy, just over four dozen more. We'll call it four dozen, and we'll sell in two lots. Sample, did you say, sir?"—turning to a man in cords and top boots, who might be a land agent, though he looked more like a licensed victualler—"not if I know it. Likely I'll stay here half the night while some folks are sampling half a dozen of wine. If I'd meant to let you sample I should have taken half-a-crown a-piece of you before you passed that door, you may be sure. There's the wine, and every one that knew the deceased Reverend knows that it's sure to be up to the mark; and every one that knows me knows I shouldn't let any be sent in for sale as they do at some auctions. Why, Mr. Briggs (to him of the top boots), you remember old Coker, that used to be landlord of the Maid's Head, at N——, where the parsons mostly go. He told people he always knew how to act at a clergy-dinner. "If they're Low Church," said he, "I look to the puddings and the sweets, and I don't pay much attention to the wine; but if they're High Church, why I know the wine has to be good, no matter what the puddings may be like." Well, now, everybody knows Mr. Clutterbuck was high and dry; so draw your own conclusions." He didn't succeed, however, in convincing Briggs and Co., or perhaps they didn't come to buy,

only to try samples. So I secured the two lots—it turned out to be just under twelve dozen—for I sha'n't tell you how much less than cost price. I had my misgivings; besides being even-tempered I have a high sense of justice. But, then, I argued Clutterbuck was never married, and his second cousin, to whom it all goes, is well off; and, then, my day's work I've a right to be paid for, just as if I was Hodge. So I bought the wine and took the cellar-door key, the auctioneer suggesting that was the best way. He was a little ashamed, I think, about the Poli Synopsis business. You may fancy I drove off in a rather pleased frame of mind, but my first little trial came with my peace-offering. "What, that thing!" cried my wife. I don't mean to imply that she cried in an unpleasant way, or to hint that she has not at all times what Shakespeare calls "a sweet low voice, an excellent thing in woman." But still she was clearly disappointed. "I can never bear to look at it. Why, it's top heavy, and is as clumsy as a young elephant, and weighs half a hundredweight." And she was right. It was home-made. The village carpenter had fashioned the frame work out of a walnut tree that was blown down by that October gale a few years ago. It certainly was clumsy when I came to look at it; you might make half-a-dozen light "intruder" chairs out of it; and, for greater security, the back was clamped on with iron. Even the embroidery my wife belittled. "I should think he had it done in his school, the colours are so ill-matched and glaring." We tried it, however, in the drawing-room, but soon found it couldn't be carried about, which is the very thing a chair of its size is wanted for; and when it fell, which it did pretty often, being top heavy, it was so difficult to right that it always reminded me of Cæsar's German elks, which, he says, have no knee joints, and being once off their legs can't anyhow be got on them again. It was a clear case of disregarding the good old adage, *Nimium ne crede colori*. And I'm well punished, for the colours which took my eye, but of which I've come to see the garishness, front me all day in my study, whither my wife has banished the "peace-offering," save, indeed, when she comes and sits in it (fearless of the motto that I put up a few years ago over the door: "Let there be one room where woman cumbereth not;" she's come in all the oftener since), and puts her feet up on the fender.

But, the lamp? To tell the truth I don't like talking about that lamp. Of course the rack was out of order and couldn't be got to keep in order. I took it to our market town, and the big iron-monger there sent it to the local capital. This has been done twice; but the rack is still given to run down. After burning well for two hours or so, you see a dimness and hear a choking noise which no amount of winding up will cure for more than a few minutes. Then, after a few convulsive sobs, it is seized with a rattling in the throat, and (unless you quench it at once) it dies, leaving behind an odour like that which medieval legends say

Satan used to leave when he was departing after an unsuccessful appearance. My wife recommends me to send it to a friend who is fond of holding *séances*. I am getting a tinman to make it into a petroleum-burner. By the time he is paid, it will have cost more than the three-wick'd Emperor, or the Lucifer, or any of the pretty things I see in advertisements.

But, alas, my Pool is a greater failure still. This is what Stubbers writes: "Dear Old Boy,—How good of you to go. So sorry to have troubled you; but it's *the wrong edition*. I thought you knew the London one of 1669 is the right one. This isn't even the Utrecht one that we had at college, nor either of the Frankfort ones. It's just a late London reprint, very dear at the half guinea. I saw the auctioneer's ticket you sent, and I suppose you got somebody who knew nothing of books to bid for you. What an old duffer Tommy Clutterbuck was after all. I always thought he was, when he used to make the same joke year after year, at least once a term, in our common room. Ah! he'd never have taken that living if he'd had his wits about him; and not to get a penny out of Slyme for dilapidations! But still I couldn't think he'd be such an ass as to brag about a book like that. I shan't keep it. It shan't stand by my Chrysostom and that glorious quarto Terence on thick paper, with type you can read right away on the other side of the room. No, I shall sell it at an alarming sacrifice; so good-bye and thanks once more." And he inclosed a page from some London book-catalogue, offering Poli Synopsis, best edition, 1669, bound in calf, for fourteen shillings. That's gratitude, thought I; and I made up my mind never to buy again for any one, except on commission. With my rubbishy parcel I found reason to be content; for right in the middle, covered by a flopping German edition of a Greek play—one of those loosely-stitched, coarsely printed pamphlets that look as if they were made to be used when the table swam in beer, and was powdered with tobacco ash, I discovered "*Sphæra civitatis, hoc est Reipub. recte ac pie secundum leges administrandæ ratio*," by John Case, formerly fellow of St. John's, Oxford, published at Frankfort in 1593, with a picture on the frontispiece of a sphere divided into nine concentric circles, each bearing the name of some public or private virtue, while above the outermost circle rises the bust of Queen Elizabeth, like the king outside the children's roulette table at a fair. I've never read a chapter of it; but there it is, beautifully printed, and in its old binding, ready to show to Stubbers when he comes over to stay with me, and to drink some of the College Carbonell. Another book, a little thin one, I had well-nigh over-looked, "*L'Éloge de la Folie*," a French translation, dated 1757, publishing place not given, of Erasmus's "*Moriæ Encomium*." The plates are delightful; one, of a monk preaching while a monkey stands on the edge of the pulpit and imitates him, is as good as anything in *Punch*. I'll give the Parker Society's volume (it is

Bishop Cosin) to Thwacker, whom I never liked, and who has done more than any man I know to revolutionize the college. They say he's a member of the Guild of the Holy Cross; so Cosin will be gall and bitterness to him. Stubbers I've asked over for next spring. If he hasn't yet quite forgiven me that mistake about Pool, a little sampling of old Clutterbuck's wine will set everything right. But one thing I've made up my mind to, never to go to an auction. Time is worth something; and except a man is bent on killing time, he can have no business there; while, even if one's ever so hard up for amusement, one may surely find something less unlively and common-place and altogether to be avoided—unless, of course, one can be sure of picking up a few dozens of good wine, dirt cheap, by way of *solatium*, for loss of time and trial of temper.

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### A VALENTINE.

À CECILE.

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TO-NIGHT I'm calling up the past,  
 And thoughts of thee are intertwin'd  
 With sadder mem'ries, yet they cast  
 Sweet light across the years behind.  
 As o'er the sea fall moonlit rays—  
 The sea where often woe has been—  
 Across my years falls light from days  
 When thou wert twelve and I fourteen.

And still, across the ceaseless flow,  
 Shines on, for ever and for aye,  
 The light my love lit long ago,  
 But stronger, brighter far to-day.  
 And if, maybe, young hopes must die,  
 'Twill chase the clouds with ray serene,  
 The love begun in years gone by,  
 Ere thou wert twelve and I fourteen.

H. C. COGHLAN.

## LOCAL PARLIAMENTS.

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A MOVEMENT has been growing up in our midst to which so far too little attention has been paid and of which many worthy citizens are even quite unaware. This is the movement called "local parliaments," which promises to become an educational machine of national proportions for instructing politically thoughtful members of the community, and thus creating a public opinion worthy the freedom of the English people. The movement is in truth the legitimate outcome, the necessary corollary of the popular victories of 1832 and 1867, and to make light of these amateur parliaments is to treat the source of a river as of no importance to the people living on its lower reaches, and to ask no questions, when we find it a big stream, as to whence the water came. Speeches in Parliament, it has been said, never really influence divisions; speeches on the hustings never determine an election. By the time public discussion has developed such ripe fruit, the forces engaged have grown too strong to be controlled. But when new ideas are beginning to work in the minds of thinking men, when they are still the subject of public discussion on their merits only, and not yet entangled with the personal ambitions and selfish interests which rapidly gather about proposals distinctly formulated and already in the sphere of practical politics, then is the time at which they ought to be the most interesting for far-sighted observers. The orders of the day of local parliaments will give abundant evidence to show that where men talk about those things that really interest them, and bring forward motions that represent real opinions, and not merely some complicated intrigue of the moment, many questions which the newspapers have not yet begun to deal with seriously are really afloat in men's minds, and the proposals connected with them working steadily onward towards the shores of the practical. In the debates of many local parliaments, we may listen already to the arguments for and against great measures that may take the world at large by surprise a few years hence, when they are suddenly found to have passed over, apparently in a moment, from the region of the extravagant to the region of the inevitable.

When the history of this century comes to be written, not the least important thing for the English historian to chronicle will be that, as a compliment to the Reform Acts, which placed the government of the nation in the hands of the people, there were

established, as a means of political education, a number of debating societies, open to men of every shade of thought, which, for the sake of dignity and regularity, took the form of the English House of Commons.

Every one knows the kind of subject that is discussed at the ordinary "Young Men's Debating Society," and everyone will admit (with the exception perhaps of the young men) that these debates are neither of a very useful nor of a very interesting nature. But the Parliamentary Debating Societies, or, as they are usually called, "local parliaments," are on an entirely different footing. Here really important questions, questions that affect the whole community, are discussed, and it is undeniable that they really are becoming a means of political education, and that they will seriously influence the vote and thus modify the conditions of our political existence. For no longer will the great mass of voters blindly follow their party leaders, for these societies are educating the people to govern themselves, and are creating a lever which will have to be taken in account by the wire pullers who have so long controlled the fate of many constituencies from out their comfortable London club. These societies have not inaptly been termed "chambers of politics," and it is claimed for them that in the political world they should occupy the place which chambers of commerce fill in the world of business.

We can best realize the importance of this movement when we consider that there are now in England and Scotland at least 130 local parliaments (one or more in every large town from Aberdeen to Plymouth) with between 80,000 and 100,000 members. A really reliable list of these societies and their members unfortunately does not exist, such lists as there are being admittedly incomplete. But the above figures are under rather than above the actual ones.

The first of these parliaments was started at Liverpool in 1860, and for several years remained the only one, and was subjected to much ridicule. Carlisle followed next in 1868, and then Birmingham, Manchester, and many of the large manufacturing towns. It is worth noting that this movement did not originate with London, and that London remained true to the character it has gained in the political sphere of being one of the last to take up or realize any new movement. It is only quite recently that the matter has been warmly taken up in the metropolis. Now, however, there are in London no less than thirty parliaments, numbering some 10,000 members, and the cry is, "still they come."

The first parliaments were not only a good deal ridiculed but very much abused. They would, their opponents asserted, bring serious subjects into contempt, promote vanity, and "make a lot of boys," who played at parliament, "a set of prigs and bores." That this objection has not even yet completely died out may be gathered from the fact that only a few months ago Mr. Courtney



pronounced quite a diatribe against them. On the other hand, Mr. Edward Clarke was eloquent in their defence, and Mr. Gladstone, Sir Stafford Northcote, Sir H. Brand, and many other well-known M.P.'s are said to be greatly interested in them. Some M.P.'s for instance, Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. Ashmead Bartlett—thirsting to conquer more worlds—are also members of local houses.

But whatever the opinion of certain individuals against them, as to the popularity of these training schools for speakers, there can be no doubt. In some of the London parliaments it is not at all unusual to find some two or three hundred visitors listening to a debate.

The largest building available in a district—usually the town hall—is chosen as the parliament house, and so far as possible the arrangement of lobbies, &c. in the House of Commons is followed. It is probable that shortly many of the societies will, as that of Kensington is about to do, build houses of their own.

As far as possible, the usages of the House of Commons are carefully observed, and its rules of procedure followed. Not unfrequently, when in difficulty with regard to some point of order, local officials apply to Westminster itself for information, and answers given by amateur ministers are obtained as the result of communication with members of the real Cabinet and the Speaker. For the local parliaments have prime ministers, cabinets, whips, an opposition, a clerk of the house, a sergeant-at-arms, and a speaker. Most of the parliaments adopt already existing constituencies for representation, thus there are members for Oxford, or for Derby, or Newcastle. There are even members for Northampton, but these are both, we believe, allowed to take the oath. Other parliaments again have created constituencies of their own, and there is for instance in one of the parliaments a member for Cookham.

As already said, the order of procedure observed at Westminster is very faithfully followed. The sittings, held once a week, begin with notices of motion and the asking of questions. In this latter art some of the members appear to be adepts, and are as much dreaded as the Irish Home Rulers. When these questions have been disposed of the chief discussion begins. But here the local parliaments have introduced a rule that we wish could also be adopted occasionally in the House of Commons. This is that no speaker may occupy more than ten or fifteen minutes. If some such limitation could be imposed on some of our legislators, what a saving of public time it would be. The debate now takes the form of a vote of censure, introduced by the opposition, now that of the introducing of a bill. The subjects usually chosen are those most engaging popular attention, or that are being discussed at St. Stephen's. And it cannot be disputed that in their knowledge of the facts and figures, in their ability to

marshal these facts, and even in point of eloquence, many of these local speakers compare very favourably with speakers at Westminster. The debates, too, albeit the speakers are frequently interrupted by cheers, countercheers, groans and hisses, cries of time and question, &c., &c., in quite parliamentary fashion, are carried on with great tact and good humour.

But these debates are not always confined to questions before Parliament. Many of the burning questions of the day have been discussed by these associations, and the votes recorded in some instances are of the utmost interest. For example, large majorities have declared in favour of the opening of museums on Sundays. Again, followers of Mr. George have availed themselves of this means of propaganda, and the question of Land Nationalization has been considered more than once. Thus, too, on the 25th of October, 1883, at the Highbury House of Commons, Mr. E. Austin rose to move: "That this house, recognizing the enormous irregularity in the distribution of the wealth of this country, proposes that private and corporate property in land should be abolished and that the government should be the sole landlord." This notice of motion was followed by a most interesting debate, that proved a really remarkable knowledge of the facts, on the part more especially of the mover.

Again, the oath question has been much debated, and in many instances decided in favour of the abolition of all oaths.

"Free Education" is another subject that has been very ably dealt with, a very large number of members being of opinion that as education is compulsory in this country it should also be free. The "Housing of the Poor" has been considered by the Hampstead Parliament, and we notice that Mr. Maurice, a son of J. D. Maurice, the Christian socialist, took part in the debate. The advisability of granting the vote to women has provoked discussion almost as ardent as in the house, while one of the youngest of the London local parliaments, that of Brixton, has made quite a new departure and has accepted Miss Müller as member. Her first speech, made some weeks ago, was listened to with the utmost interest and loudly applauded. Those who have heard this clever, energetic woman and know her skill as speaker and debater will not be surprised that she achieved perfect success. We may expect to see Miss Müller prime minister of Brixton ere long.

The oldest London local parliament is that of Hackney, with some thousand members. The Sydenham House, numbering some nine hundred, has the advantage of a splendid place of meeting—the Crystal Palace. Perhaps it is out of respect for the palace that the speaker of this house dons a wig and gown—a practice not, we believe, generally followed by other speakers. Highbury, North London, Lambeth, the London, Battersea, St. George's, Hampstead, &c., &c., have from 300 to 500 members. There are a few smaller societies.

The balance of parties seems to vary considerably, the ministries changing pretty frequently. It would be of the utmost interest to know exactly to which faction the 100,000 members belong, but there is, so far as we have been able to ascertain, no complete analysis. At the present moment, however, Liberals and Radicals decidedly preponderate, and it is worth remembering that Home Rulers are also represented.

That the careful study and discussion of such really great questions as those mentioned above, and many others not enumerated, as, for instance, the relation and duties of this country to India, is really useful and of incomparably greater value than inane debates like those of ordinary societies is self-evident. That the 100,000 men who have thus discussed these matters will be more likely to vote intelligently and independently and will be less likely to be influenced by the empty rhetoric of professional politicians is indisputable. This alone would be a great gain to the country.

The ages of the members is another point on which some statistics would be welcome, though the difficulty of getting reliable information is obvious. It is clear that a prime minister of nineteen or twenty would put himself down as at least thirty, while again some of the older members might be tempted to subtract from their years what their colleague had added to his. As far then as one may judge, most of the members are young men between twenty and thirty, with a goodly sprinkling of men in the forties and not a few between fifty and sixty. On the whole all these men appear to be well educated and well bred, with not a little control over their tempers and considerable skill in debate. Occasionally of course very odd blunders are made. We noted one that is really worth reproducing. In the Kensington house—a house which prides itself on being very “select”—Mr. Edmund Routledge, the prime minister, in referring to the suicide of one of their members, who had been driven to this act by some cruel slanders upon his character, quoted the lines in “*Much Ado About Nothing*”:

“Done to death by slanderous tongues  
Was the ‘hero’ that here lies.”

not being aware apparently that the “Hero” of Shakespeare’s lines was Leonato’s daughter.

Naturally the local parliaments would be incomplete without a newspaper organ of their own, and for some years now the *Debater* has become their “Hansard.” Certain of the parliaments issue their own reports of their debates, but accounts of all the parliaments are to be found in this central organ. Nor is this paper devoted solely to the reports of the parliamentary meetings. It gives very good critiques on the performances of various amateur theatrical clubs (everything amateur having

naturally an interest for them), and its columns are moreover open to the discussion of serious questions. Thus a correspondence spreading over many weeks and very ably conducted was lately carried on with regard to the question of "Over Population." Besides the *Debater*, a small, but very well compiled hand-book is issued, containing not only much valuable information on the various Acts of Parliament, Bills, &c., but an even more valuable index of the sources where such information is to be obtained.

That manly and open discussion is the very life-blood of our constitutional system, all political parties are ready to admit. Also that the government of an autocrat, selfish, but safe, is in the long run preferable to the collective ignorance of the mob, and moreover that the ideal form of government is that of the collective wisdom of an enlightened people. It is therefore to the interest of all parties to encourage these local parliaments, in order that political education may spread.

Having now reached the twenty-first year of their existence and thus attained their legal majority the local parliaments have decided that they are of an age to hold conferences. One was held the year before last and another last year. At the latter it was resolved to form in London a "local parliamentary committee" for executive purposes.

There is also some question as to whether local parliaments cannot influence the legislation of the country by a combination under which their votes should be taken on all important public questions. Some of the parliaments, like that at Hackney, already send the resolutions voted by them to the Prime Minister, Home Secretary, or whomsoever they may specially concern. It is not probable, however, that this scheme will be attended to, and its promoters should remember that if it is well to be bold there is danger in over boldness. They should remember also that their real influence must be in their educating themselves and their neighbours; in teaching them to take an interest in matters of greater import than mere local questions or the subjects dealt with by vestrymen, and especially in being true to their principles and only voting at elections for men who represent their views. That local parliaments will have their word to say at the coming general election, no one can possibly doubt.

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## HOW PERKYN'S GOT IN AS A COMMON COUNCILMAN.

### CHAPTER I.

#### THORNBOROUGH.

THORNBOROUGH-ON-SEA is a rising place, and possesses all the dubious attractions of rising places in general. Once upon a time, the town in question was a little sleepy fishing village, utterly unknown to fame, even in the shape of a Summer tourist. But since the day that a certain genius in a government steam launch discovered the germ of a great naval port in Thornborough; since the day that elaborate soundings were made, and mummy-like divers disturbed the blue waters of Thornborough Bay, all has been changed. And now—three years after her awakening from sleep—things are in a transition state with the coming port; like a gawky girl whose childish beauties have departed, she is at present passing through the uncomfortable and “still growing period.” Rows of unfinished houses stretch away into the mutilated remains of the surrounding country, and beyond these—treeless and miserable—stand scattered mansions, approached by roads along which extend lines of gas or water pipes, with recumbent lamp-posts at intervals for variety. The said mansions are for the most part buildings too small for a school or barracks, too large for any ordinary household. However, their builders appear to have good grounds for terming them “desirable residences.”

The population of Thornborough increases daily, and dwelling-houses of every description are in demand. Crowds of persons who would have shuddered at the bare thought of leaving England for some healthy and promising colony, rushed off to this rising town, confident that the demand there must be greater than the supply in every known branch of industry, from house-breaking to sewing-machine work, and quite sure in their own minds that money would be found altogether more plentiful than in the particular spot from which they came. Thornborough once boasted about twelve fir trees, but the whole dozen have long since given way to many times their number of advertising boards and boardings, setting forth the desirability of acquiring land “for building purposes only.”

To crown all, two new railroads drag their slow lengths out of the port, and not before there is a need of them. The only exist-

ing line, owing to terrible over-work, is under endless repair, and some people say, maintains a whole settlement of navvies in positive affluence. Among professional men the doctors and lawyers have matters pretty much their own way at this early stage of the town's existence, but we shall deal with the civic authorities and Municipal Corporation of Thornborough-on-Sea, which important subjects must now be entered upon.

Mr. Dyke, the mayor, was one, who, after occupying the proud position of richest and youngest alderman in the City of London, had suddenly deemed it a greater thing to yield up remote chances of the Mansion House for the more immediate and lasting splendours of his present position. Rather than serve in heaven any longer, Mr. Dyke, upon hearing many great things concerning the new town, elected to reign, if possible, in Thornborough. With the vast means at his command, he managed the business and gratified his ambition easily enough. He invested in the largest of all the then existing mansions, and promised to erect a museum, theatre, gaol, place of worship, or any other public building that public taste might select as being desirable. Such generosity meant that when it became necessary to establish a Corporation for Thornborough, the man chosen to be its head—chosen and returned absolutely unopposed—was Mr. Dyke.

From the very first the local government of Thornborough-on-Sea, under the Mayor's able leadership, was a splendid thing. Taking the mighty civic body with which he had been lately connected as his model, Mr. Dyke worked hard and well to place himself as nearly in the position of Lord Mayor as was possible. He divided the growing town into five wards. In these, rate-payers took the place of freemen, and three aldermen were elected from each ward; each being also represented in the common council by two members. Sheriffs, bailiffs, a town clerk, medical officers, a coroner and so forth were all duly sworn in, their duties being, in many cases, explained to them by the Mayor himself. Mr. Dyke grumbled a good deal upon finding that his corporation would be bound by certain Acts of Parliament, from which the capital of England was free, but upon inquiry, he saw that no grave harm was done, and, his power but slightly influenced. So the Mayor really "set to" like a Briton to make his town, as he termed Thornborough; and the results of his first three years of work in the place were surprising and gratifying.

Now though Rome would as soon think of changing her Pope annually as Thornborough of electing any other mayor than Mr. Dyke, while that gentleman was pleased to continue in office, yet among the lesser members of the corporation there were not unfrequent changes. When, therefore, Common Councilman Jones, of the Wilderness Ward, had a misunderstanding with Common Councilman Gregson, and resigned his seat in consequence, no particular interest would have attached to the election for a new



representative, had not the circumstances of the case been altogether strange and exceptional.

The extraordinary events which followed, moreover, make the account of this unimportant little election quite worthy of narration. Wilderness Ward was the largest of Mr. Dyke's five divisions. Here dwelt the labourers employed at the vast Thornborough Dry Docks, which were slowly approaching completion. This ward was the poorest, and, as a consequence, the most troublesome and most expensive of them all. That its representative would have an onerous and thankless position in the local parliament of Thornborough, from many points of view, was certain, but there were advantages too. On a social ground, the common councilman's position under Mr. Dyke was a noble one.

As in his native city, the Mayor of Thornborough decreed that aldermen should, when practicable, be selected from the ranks of the common council, and though certainly there seemed little likelihood at present of any of the said aldermen getting into and passing the civic throne, yet good Mr. Dyke must die or resign some day. To be common councilman, therefore, was a thing to yearn for in Thornborough, even if one's lines were cast in no pleasanter places than the Ward of Wilderness.

There were no less than three candidates for the vacant post, and the sole interest at first taken by Thornborough at large in the coming struggle was caused by the knowledge that the only two contestants worthy of any consideration whatever were deadly enemies in private life.

Mr. Burridge, grocer, had fallen very foul of Signor Josef Alenti, Italian restaurant keeper. The latter was a new and wealthy arrival in the town, and had, by recurring instances of sharp practice and an utter disregard of the unwritten laws of etiquette in business, contrived to get himself pretty much disliked in certain quarters. But, as we have said, he was rich, and, therefore, commanded a following. Of Mr. John Perkyns, chemist, no one in Thornborough had ever heard, or ever wanted to, apparently. The only wonder was how he had got himself properly proposed and seconded as a candidate at all. Such were the three combatants. Conservative principles swayed the mind of each, for any other views with a mayor and corporation like that of Thornborough would have stood no chance whatever of success.

"A place that will some day be full of Her Majesty's sailors and Her Majesty's soldiers must have Tories and nothing less in her common council," Mr. Dyke had said, and so it was.

With the election, open war broke out between the houses of Burridge and Alenti. The Italian, a pushing, shrewd fellow, ever anxious for "bold advertisement" in any shape, wrote long and pathetic letters to the local press, complaining of the harsh ways and cruelty of certain English tradesmen. He compared himself to the lamb amongst wolves, together with other poetical and ridicu-

lous similes which gained for him many admirers, and, at first, somewhat disconcerted his enemies, who were in reality, the sufferers by Alenti's huge establishment. In answer from the other side came short, brusque, essentially English letters, pointing out the true state of the case, and calling the prosperous and decidedly knowing "lamb among wolves" by his right name. Matters terminated in the *restaurateur* bringing an action for libel, which was held over, pending the coming and more important contest. He had brought more than one action for libel in his time and was fond of them. The Mayor "took sides," as children say, with Mr. Burridge, and this fact, it was felt, would more than counterbalance any temporary advantage Alenti had gained in the minds of the sentimental by his letters. The Ward of Wilderness contained few high class or educated families; the mass of ratepayers belonged to a lower order. How to gain the suffrages of this large body of ignorant and easily-swayed dock hands and mechanics was the problem which each candidate set himself, and each naturally hit upon the same leading idea for his campaign. A meeting, it appeared, was the only means of bringing Messrs. Burridge, Alenti, and Perkyns under the notice of those who would vote at the election. Each, therefore, decided to hold a gathering, and press his claims upon those who should be present at it. Again, Saturday was no doubt the day on which any such conventions would be best attended, and Thornborough smiled when three advertisements appeared the same morning in the papers and upon the hoardings. Mr. Burridge's appeal, in red and black, was, perhaps, the most effective, informing all persons, as it did, that no less a worthy than Mr. Dyke himself would address his meeting. Signor Alenti's effusion in black and green (with something in his native tongue that nobody could understand at the top) also created a marked sensation, and poor Perkyns' humble little black and white posters were well-nigh overlooked altogether amid such splendours. Mr. Burridge had secured the Town Hall for his introduction to the Wilderness voters; the Italian invited all those of the ward, who wished to see him their representative, to assemble in the grounds of his own villa, without the town. Here, it was rumoured, an entertainment savouring of bribery and corruption, would be placed before all present after the speeches were over. Who was accountable for this flying report never transpired, but it certainly became very generally circulated, and conduced, without doubt, to the success of Signor Josef's "evening at home," as he was pleased to call it. Mr. Perkyns obtained permission to use a large temporary shed in the dock works for his assemblage, and the people of Thornborough, who were cruel in their humorous way, laughed and wondered if the little chemist would be able to pay for all the naphtha necessary to illuminate his miserable meeting hall.

Upon the night of these three gatherings began Act II.—the

sensational and really exciting act—of this drama. Alenti's meeting was entirely successful. The foreigner spoke well and fluently. His big black eyes, his twirling moustache, his theatrical delivery and method of using his right hand, all told favourably; while frequent allusions to "Briteesh 'arts of oak," and information to the point respecting bottled beer at the gate as they all started homewards, concluded matters artistically and left impressions not easily shaken off. Mr. Perkyns, who, of all others, could least afford to take liberties with his hearers, actually kept his little audience of some eighty odd persons waiting half-an-hour longer than the advertised time and then arrived in a breathless state of excitement and concern. When he was in a condition to speak, however, he explained that sudden illness had detained him and then proceeded to deliver a short and pithy oration, which was listened to with considerable interest. On its conclusion he thanked his listeners warmly, apologized for the draughty building, said something about hoping to open his dispensary for an hour a day, free of charge, and wound up by raising and leading three noisy cheers for the working men of Thornborough.

So much for two meetings. The third came to a sudden termination or, to speak more exactly, was never celebrated at all. By far the largest crowd of all gathered at the Town Hall upon that memorable Saturday night. The people cheered Mr. Dyke as he solemnly mounted the platform, cheered and cheered again, but there was no sign of the grocer, and when silence was restored the Mayor came forward supported by a sheriff and spoke as follows:

"Citizens of Thornborough, it is my painful duty to inform you that owing to the sudden and inexplicable disappearance of our candidate, Mr. George Burrridge, the object for which you are here gathered together ceases to exist. I must ask you now to quietly return to your homes and hope that this will only prove a postponement of the pleasure I expected to enjoy in addressing you, and that to-morrow will furnish news of our missing friend."

It was too true. Mr. Burrridge had left his home after tea on the night of his meeting, and from that time appeared to have vanished off the face of the earth, leaving not the faintest sign of his whereabouts or explanation of his actions.

## CHAPTER II.

### SIGNOR ALENTI.

JOSEF ALENTI was very many degrees removed from your ordinary Italian restaurant keeper. The envious reported that he had begun life as an organ-grinder or penny ice merchant, and had by systematic villainy achieved his success in life. It was true that

Signor Josef had made his money in a London back street of indifferent repute, but this had nothing to do with Thornborough, and when he opened a handsome eating-house in that town it was more his present behaviour and methods of conducting business, than any past ill deeds, which caused the general feeling against him. Like Mr. Dyke, Alenti loved power, and when opportunity offered, he spared no pains to acquire it. Twice he had failed to secure a position upon the Local Board of Thornborough, but defeat only strengthened his purpose. The Italian had made up his mind to become one of the lights of this rising town, and through life he had generally gained his object sooner or later.

"I will go, what you Engleesh call quite 'straight,' when I once in the Corporation," Alenti had said in a moment of confidence to his London man of business, who had visited Thornborough to assist at the election. By this he meant that certain unprofessional tricks would be thrown over and the proprieties better regarded, should the coming contest end in his favour. His position was anything but a comfortable one at present, and the man felt success or failure in Thornborough, so far as he was concerned, now hung in the balance. He could not afford a third reverse, but the other alternative—that of a seat in the common council, together with its attendant advantages—must without doubt command success. So the Signor raised heaven and earth, as the saying goes, to strengthen his hand, and in doing so never lost the slightest chance afforded him of working his opponents harm. Englishmen would have scorned this under-hand warfare, but his "strategic movements," as Alenti called them, were part of his nature, a part which he considerably prided himself upon.

"We leave no stone unturned—you and me," he had remarked to the aforesaid man of business. "If I win well enough, if that Burrich get in, all is over, so!" and he snapped a finger and thumb and showed his strong white teeth.

But up to the night of the three meetings "that Burrich" had done infinitely better than his rival as none knew better than Alenti. The grocer had all the important electors with him to a man, and even more among the poorer classes than Signor Josef had been able to collect. The fact of being Mr. Dyke's selection alone proved a tower of strength. All things considered, therefore, Mr. Burridge's disappearance was the most opportune event possible, and the Italian made no secret of his elation or pleasure at the changed aspect of affairs.

Mr. George Burridge in his own person was a weak-minded, knock-kneed nonentity, but the long-limbed grocer had wit enough in his younger days to make one really good investment, with the comfortable little fortune left him by his father. He secured a wife with "brains for two," and the result had been enduring and satisfactory. Mrs. Burridge was a very clever woman, and her ability appeared in the fact that she had con-

trived to conceal from the eyes of Thornborough the real stupidity of her better-half, as she wrongly termed him. Mr. Burridge was the puppet—and certainly limp enough for one, about the knees and shoulders—while his lady filled the office of show-woman, and she managed the wires so carefully and kept her real self so perfectly hidden from the public, that nobody saw through the deception. And they clapped the puppet for his well-managed business, his subscriptions (given with such discernment) to local charities and so on, while the puppet bowed quite naturally, and never said much about the show-woman to his admirers, for that was part of his lesson. But now the poor puppet was lost, and Mrs. Burridge came to the front in her true character. The shock of her husband's disappearance had surprised the lady out of her customary reserve in company, and she said things, which rather opened the eyes of Thornborough, about the missing man.

"What, Burridge! as have never taken a step in life without I told him to?—What, Burridge! to suddenly spirit himself away on a night like the night of his meeting in the Town Hall, without so much as whispering to me what he was after!—Don't you believe it—I never will—never. He's been waylaid and murdered—that's what he's been; and Mister Joseph Alenti's the man that's done it!"

Thus spoke Mrs. Burridge to all who interviewed her upon the important subject, and although she never failed to emphasize the fact that the grocer had breathed his last, and was now either at the bottom of the sea, or else cut up into small pieces and burned, yet so great was her anxiety to bring the doers of the deed to justice, that she allowed herself not a moment for private emotion or sorrow at this sad bereavement.

"He'd have been a common council man in two days' time, in spite of your nasty wicked foreigners, and me a common council-woman, I suppose," were the only words of mourning uttered by Mrs. Burridge, and even these were spoken to herself alone.

Signor Alenti, on hearing the bold things said about him behind his back, shrugged his shoulders and made two remarks. To his man of business he said,

"These people here think me bad, as bad can be. They even think I kill that Burridge! Why do they—eh?"

To those who had brought him the news of what was said by the missing man's wife, Alenti remarked,

"Tell Madame to wait just two days more—just two. Then, when I become of the common council—then I send in summons for libel. She maliciously defame me, and I send her to prison for it."

Affairs had progressed well for the restaurant keeper of late, and his success was now assured to all intents and purposes. As there was no Burridge to vote for, his many partizans, of course, could not register their votes in favour of that poor man, and,

rather than not appear at all, which would do no one any good, unless it was unknown Mr. Perkyns, the electors had for the most part determined to plump in Signor Josef's favour, and have done with it. Some few, who could not get the better of their dislike to this candidate, and were half inclined to believe in Mrs. Burridge's terrific theory, had promised their aid to Mr. Perkyns, but at the outside, the chemist could not hope to number more than some hundred-and-fifty odd votes; the result, therefore, amounted to a foregone conclusion in favour of Alenti.

The morning of the election arrived, and with it Thornborough was once more galvanized by an unexpected and sudden event. But not until the polling was nearly over, not until quite three-quarters of the available ratepayers of Wilderness Ward had registered their choice, did this fresh item of news become public property.

It is needless to say, that after Mr. Burridge's sudden and unreasonable departure, every thing that could be done to trace him, or unravel the mystery of his disappearance, had been undertaken by his fellow citizens. The canal and unfinished water-works had been dragged; the docks and dangerous places about them were carefully examined, and detectives of known power employed. These last, by-the-bye, had visited Signor Alenti, asked questions, made notes, and actually obtained a warrant to search the Italian's premises. But nothing came of it, except more pathetic letters to the papers, and a general increase of popular favour towards the foreigner. To search a man's house for such slight and shadowy reasons, Thornborough declared, was going too far. But now, almost at the close of the poll, came the news, flying like wild-fire, that Burridge was once more in the bosom of his family.

"*Burridge home again!*" "*Burridge alive and well!!!*" "*Burridge the victim of a plot!!!*" "*Vote for Burridge,*" were the words upon great staring placards that met the eyes of many electors, as they returned from the polling booth, pitched just outside the town. It was too late however. The "victim of a plot" poster did not catch every eye, and the other announcements only caused indignation, that the object of Thornborough's largest ward's selection should have behaved himself in so unseemly and ridiculous a manner.

"So he've come back, now it's too late, the idjit!" remarked one enlightened voter to his wife.

"Alive and well too—see that!" replied the lady. "He wouldn't be well long if I was Mrs. Burridge, poor soul, I know."

In due course the result of the election became known—

Signor Josef Alenti . . . . 513

Mr. John Perkyns . . . . 160

Mr. George T. Burridge . . . 41

Mr. Burridge's name had been hastily added to the list, though



Signor Alenti's lawyer, who was watching the polling, declared such an act illegal. But the result was in no way influenced thereby. One matter alone furnished surprise in the figures. How Mr. Perkyns had managed to grub up a hundred and sixty votes nobody could understand. But the fact of forty-one persons recording in favour of the grocer during the last half hour of possible time showed (those who were well up in the business said) that, under original conditions, the struggle would have ended as much in favour of the last man on the board as it now had to the advantage of the first.

### CHAPTER III.

#### MR. PERKYNs.

MR. PERKYNs was one among the many who came to Thornborough hoping thereby to give an upward shift to fortune's wheel. It had been more with a view to bringing his name before his fellow citizens and so perhaps increasing a very limited business connection, than from any hope of ultimate success, that the chemist contested the election for a common councilman.

He was a small, dried-up, sad-looking man who had spent his life in seeking for the single great chance which is supposed to come to everybody once during that period. A certain tide, "which taken at the flood leads on to fortune," somehow never rose out of Mr. Perkyns's low-water existence. But two days before the election, ever since the night of his meeting in fact, a singular and quite unaccountable change had come over the little man. He walked with a firmer foot and held his chin a good two inches higher than was his custom. He also manifested a regard for his personal appearance that was quite foreign to him. These trifles passed unnoticed to the naked eye of Thornborough, indeed, few persons knew the chemist by sight, but Mrs. Perkyns, a mild and not unpleasing old lady, whose angelic disposition even her long hard life had failed to mar, noted with surprise such alterations in her husband's bearing, together with airs of importance not to say self-complacency, which were quite new to her and which she ventured to think absurdly out of place in a man with such a past and probable future as Mr. Perkyns. The new traits of character became so marked at length, that Mrs. Perkyns deemed her lord's conduct fairly called for comment, and the following singular conversation took place at the chemist's tea-table upon election eve.

Quoth Mrs. Perkyns, going to the root of the matter without any beating of the bush,

"I cannot understand, my dear, what has made you so well satisfied with yourself of late. The business does not improve or,

if it does, 'tis but slowly. Only to-day a woman, so the boy tells me, came in and said that your own patent pills, which you gave her a box of for nothing too, had done her more harm than good."

"If people will eat gout pills when they haven't got the gout, undesirable results are not to be wondered at," said Mr. Perkyns. "If she'd paid for them they'd have done her good fast enough."

"Well," continued the mild old lady, "this morning you took longer shaving and doing your hair than I have ever known you to, since our marriage. You leave the poor young man in the shop to do everything—not that he is overworked—and go up the town like a lord to see how your new bills look. I do hope, my dearest John," she concluded, "that you have not set your mind upon this election business. Such things will never be for us."

"Stranger things have happened, though," murmured Mr. Perkyns evasively.

"Not often. Mr. Burrigge would have got it, of course, but now, with only you—a man lately come to the place, quite poor, whom nobody has ever heard of—and this Italian person, who is rich and important and writes letters to the paper and gives drink to his supporters——"

"For which I could unseat him I believe," interrupted the chemist.

"Well, with only you two, how can you doubt the result for a moment. Now this afternoon, my dear John," proceeded Mrs. Perkyns, suddenly returning to her first grievance, "**you went out in a boat I am told. Actually went out with a man in a boat for about three hours! What does it all mean?**"

"**Madame!**" exclaimed the chemist, rising and upsetting his tea-cup as he did so. (He always called his wife madame when about to make any remarks of more than ordinary importance.) "Madame! It means that it is me who will become common councilman of Thornborough—me, and nobody else but me!" which remark was indifferent English but none the less dramatic and impressive as Mr. Perkyns delivered it.

The little man spoke not another word, but after mopping up his tea and giving one solemn nod, to which Lord Burleigh's celebrated inclination of the head was a feeble thing, put on his hat and left the house.

"Well, time will show," said his worthy wife to herself as he departed; "but how he thinks gadding about, doing nothing, can help him I fail to see myself. I do trust poor dear John isn't going mad."

There was undoubtedly some fair ground for such fears. During the past two days the chemist had not only given himself up to the said Malvolio-like airs and graces, but had also entirely overlooked duty's call, as represented by the dispensary. He was spending no small sums of money either, chiefly, to his wife's

astonishment, in a common public-house. From here he returned home late of nights, never personally the worse for his visits, certainly, but with the spirits of self-satisfaction and good-will towards all men stronger than ever upon him. Three days were spent in this manner. Upon the morning of the election the chemist rose at dawn and left the house. On going down to breakfast Mrs. Perkyns found a short note awaiting her, written by her husband and inscribed with the following singular words, which finally convinced the good woman that indeed Mr. Perkyns must have taken leave of his senses.

"Madame," said the letter, "before this comes to your hand, I shall once more be upon the Bay of Thornborough, though this time not alone. Great things have to be done to-day, but all will end well for us I believe, and you shall yet see me a member of the common council. Mister Dyke, our respected mayor, is with me. Say nothing to any one.

"J. P."

"P.S. Come down to the landing place if you feel equal to it in three hours' time."

Thornborough landing-place—a few rough steps at the eastern side of the dock works, only used by small boats—was very nearly deserted when Mrs. Perkyns reached it. The idlers who generally congregated here found more high-class amusement at the polling place, and dinner hour for the dock hands had not yet arrived. The expected boat soon came in sight, and Mrs. Perkyns' breath was fairly taken away on beholding the persons it contained. In the stern, with her husband upon one side of him and the Mayor on the other, sat Mr. Burridge. Two coastguardsmen were pulling, and the picture was completed by the commanding officer of Thornborough Police Force, one of his subordinates, and a lean, wild-looking, black-bearded man in handcuffs.

Upon landing, Messrs. Dyke and Perkyns obtained a vehicle and carried the grocer, whose present limpness suggested nothing but a jelly-fish, to his home; while the police conveyed their prisoner to a place which was likely to be his home, for some short time at any rate.

To explain these matters clearly, we must go back a little, but a very few words will solve the mystery.

Upon the night of his meeting, Mr. Perkyns was hastening along towards the docks, when, while passing through a narrow alley, he managed to slip and fall, knocking a large portion of the cuticle from off his right shin bone. Much intense agony that followed necessitated a brief halt, and the chemist leant back against the wall behind him and rubbed the injured member. At this moment, sounds of wheels approaching came to Mr. Perkyns' ears. The passage in which he stood was narrow, the night very dark, so not wishing to frighten the horse, or whatever might be coming towards him, Mr. Perkyns got into an angle of the wall

and remained quiet and motionless, till the conveyance should have passed. It proved to be a small donkey-cart, on one side of which walked a man, while in it sat another, with some washing baskets or other luggage.

"Is he right, gov'nor?" asked the pedestrian in a gruff voice, as he almost touched the chemist.

"Him most dead, I tink," answered the man in the cart.

"Dead!" laughed the other under his breath. "It's with fright then. When we want him to come to again he shall, never fear."

By straining his ears, Mr. Perkyns caught these whispered remarks, as the donkey-cart which was travelling slowly passed by him.

What prompted the little man to follow it and thereby keep his supporters waiting for him at his election room, he could never explain. But the sinister scraps of conversation suggested much that was mysterious, not to say criminal, and without thinking of his impatient voters, his ruined chances, or anything else, the chemist waited only to let those in front of him get a few yards start, and then crept slowly after them. The donkey-cart, keeping to the most deserted thoroughfares, soon worked its way out of the town, along Thornborough Down. Below shone the lights of the coastguard station, and distant about half a mile from this building was a steep rocky lane running down between the cliffs. The man on the cart alighted here, and both together carefully led their vehicle along the dangerous path—Mr. Perkyns, somewhat out of breath by now, still crawling behind them. The tide was high and the sea could be heard, far below as yet, splashing and thumping, and making weird noises among the holes at the bottom of the precipice. A dim glimmer of white at length became visible, and Mr. Perkyns heard the wheels of the cart in front of him grate upon a narrow strip of shingle which ended the steep descent. A few minutes later and the sound of men getting into a boat came to his ears, then the regular fall of oars in the water, and then silence, except for an occasional movement from the animal standing upon the little beach below, or the continued noises of the sea. After allowing some few minutes to elapse for safety, the chemist continued his journey and soon found himself by the deserted cart. It was quite empty, and the donkey stood solemnly eating from his nose-bag. How to act under these circumstances was not an easy question to be answered off hand. Mr. Perkyns was first for rushing to the neighbouring station, but changed his mind almost immediately. Next he thought of conducting the donkey-cart up the hill again on his own authority, but the chances against his accomplishing such a feat single-handed were as a hundred is to one. Finally the little man determined to make no move in the matter until the following day, when, if anything out of the common had occurred in Thornborough, he would be sure to hear

of it. Upon coming to these conclusions, Mr. Perkyns galloped back to his naphtha-lighted meeting-hall, at which erection, as we have seen, he arrived about half-an-hour after his audience.

Next morning came the news of Mr. Burridge's disappearance, and the chemist, who could put two and two together as well as most people, saw, or fancied he saw, how that with a little careful management the vacant chair in the Town Government might fall to him after all.

To excuse himself from any criminal behaviour for not immediately making public what he knew, Mr. Perkyns found easy.

No bodily harm was intended the missing man, he felt certain, from the stray words he had overheard. Again these few words themselves were the only clue he had to go upon, and to say much before acquiring a little knowledge of the case would, Mr. Perkyns convinced himself, be a great mistake.

To find the Italian who had spoken from the cart was the first thing to be done and, in his search, the chemist frequently visited Signor Alenti's restaurant. Here he sat playing dominoes and constantly asking the waiters about him for information concerning the game at which he was a novice. Most of them spoke English better than his midnight friend had done, and his quest at first appeared hopeless. Mr. Perkyns then made private inquiries with respect to the Italian's own household and found that one man alone, Alenti's head gardener, was of the foreigner's own nationality—this gentleman had not been seen for a week at the small drinking house he patronised.

It appeared he had given out before leaving that he was going to make purchases in London for the coming season. His gossips had therefore seen nothing strange in the gardener's absence during the past few days.

Following this discovery came the busy chemist's boating excursion. Under the pretence of gathering a rare sea fern, which he informed the wondering fisherman was a valuable nostrum known alone to himself, Mr. Perkyns had his vessel slowly pulled along the coast in the direction of "Smugglers' Lane"—as the steep path he had lately descended between the cliffs was called. The tide upon the afternoon of this excursion was low, and long stretches of sea-weed-covered rock with deep pools and little watercourses running every where prevented the boat from being brought very near the shore. On the white strip of gravel he knew so well stood another donkey-cart (the facsimile of the one he had followed, Mr. Perkyns fancied) and a man who was filling it with sea-weed for the fields. The sea had honey-combed the cliffs along this coast, and it was among these silent caves, no less than a dozen of which occurred within three miles of seaboard, that the chemist believed he would find something which might prove of even greater use to him than the life-saving vegetable he had come ostensibly to seek.

The old boatman went paddling along, rowing in under the overhanging rocks when possible and keeping his eyes upon the cliffs to find, if he could, the treasured fern, but at length a point was reached, after passing which it would be impracticable for the boat to keep at all near the cliffs. Here Mr. Perkyns jumped on shore, bade the man wait for him and then scrambled along alone over the slippery rocks. He passed one solitary fisherman prawning among the silent pools and after sliding and splashing and slipping up on the unsure foothold for nearly two miles, the chemist found himself nearing the end of his tether. The pools became deeper, the rocks fewer and further between; the high-water mark on the cliffs stood grimly many yards above Mr. Perkyns' head and he realized with sorrow that farther he could not go.

Each cave and embrasure in the cliff's face had been cautiously explored in turn by him, but in no case had so much as a foot-mark rewarded the search. One narrow cleft ahead of him, the entrance to which was already under water, alone remained to be explored, and Mr. Perkyns thought gloomily how this—the most important of all the strings to his bow—had miserably failed. Still he pushed on, though to see the inside of the last cave would be impossible.

Splash! But it was not the sudden slip into water above his waist that took Mr. Perkyns' breath away so completely. In the mouth of the cave which he was peeping at round the corner of a rock there floated a boat. The explorer could just see its stern, visible through semi-darkness, together with an oar hanging over it. The triumphant apothecary now lost no time in returning to his own vessel which, as the tide rose, had been able to come some distance nearer.

"And ye ain't gotten none of the medicine stuff?" inquired the old boatman with disappointment as he rowed his customer homewards.

"No, I've gotten a very bad cold *though*, which may terminate in fever or something serious if you don't row a good deal quicker," answered impatient Perkyns.

But his ancient mariner did not increase their pace to the extent of a stroke in the minute.

That evening Mr. Perkyns played his trump card in the shape of an interview with the Mayor. An elaborate and lengthy speech, long since committed to memory, was delivered with convincing simplicity. As may be imagined the donkey-cart episode formed no part of this oration, but, in its place, the chemist had substituted an ingenious chain of reasoning showing how nothing would really be more likely than that the Italian, who had much to lose or gain by success in the coming election, should have stooped to this scheme, and thereby made the result a certainty. "To-morrow," concluded the speaker, "after the polling business is all over,



arrangements will be made by this man for bringing Burridge back to Thornborough again. To prove anything against him then will be impossible. Still, if you prefer to leave it——”

But Mr. Dyke preferred nothing of the kind. He had been impressed at the time with the fact that Signor Alenti's own premises, out-houses and all, had been searched by the police from London, showing that those astute officers suspected the Italian, and the Mayor accordingly fell in without objection to Mr. Perkyns's plan for an early morning visit to the cave he spoke of.

“The election must proceed as if nothing unusual was happening,” said the Mayor; “to stop that would make people believe something was wrong, and suspicion might be aroused.”

We need now add little beyond the fact that Mr. Perkyns was quite right in his conjecture. In the cave, which became larger after its entrance was passed, those authorities who, led by Mr. Perkyns, arrived the next morning found two men. One, lying on the sand, blindfolded and bound, was poor Burridge; the other, sitting near him smoking, a certain head gardener, supposed by his friends to be at this particular time transacting business with the London florists.

Mr. Burridge, upon starting for his Town Hall meeting on the most exciting Saturday night in his life, had been attracted into a side alley by a tale of woe, and when there seized from behind and made unconscious by the application of something to his face. On coming to again, he found himself blindfolded and bound hand and foot. Thus he had remained for what appeared to him months of suffering. Food was in abundance given him whenever he asked for it by some invisible hand, but this invisible one, though he walked about and rarely seemed absent for a moment, never spoke nor answered the questions put to him by the unhappy grocer.

It was Mrs. Burridge, of course, who had been responsible for the placards printed within half-an-hour after her husband's return, but, though the poor puppet could still boast a little life, to announce to the world that he was “well,” somewhat fell short of the truth.

So ended the matter. Signor Josef Alenti, who had taken so readily to “ways that are dark and tricks that are vain,” never, as may be supposed, reaped much benefit from his five hundred and thirteen votes. He is now, together with an Italian gardener and a labouring man who owns a donkey-cart, paying the penalty of much misguided zeal and anxiety to assist at the committees of the Thornborough Common Council. How a man with such wealth and such prospects had ever troubled himself sufficiently about the election to risk his liberty and stamp himself as a felon rather than fail in it, remained a mystery with Thornborough only, until that shrewd town discovered the Italian's gold existed in their imaginations or in the words of his admirers

alone. Vast gambling speculations, quite outside his present home, had ruined Signor Josef. His last throw has failed and now, to use his own words, "all is over" for the present with the poor, unlucky foreigner.

Mrs. BurrIDGE was of course for a new election, but Mr. Perkyns at this crucial point of affairs had several words to say. He, among other things, delicately pointed out to the Mayor that the grocer's real strength lay in the possession of a wife like Mrs. BurrIDGE. "This borrowed splendour would be practically unattainable on committee, mark you, sir," he concluded, "and I need not tell you what the gain of becoming a member of your local parliament, if I may so call it, would be to me."

All this, together with the certainty that Mr. BurrIDGE, even if elected, would be useless for some time to come, and also with the fact that Mr. Dyke had taken a fancy to the chemist (who certainly appeared to be an able man), conspired to settle things in favour of Mr. Perkyns. Indeed, the little fellow awoke, to find himself famous the day after Alenti's trial, at which proceeding, the full splendour of his past achievement became known to Thornborough at large.

Mr. Dyke, indeed, was heard to say that the chemist "will make a mayor some day," and this, coming from such a source, is praise greater than which no common councilman—especially one but newly elected—need desire.

EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

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## THE HORSE AND HIS RIDER.

In Anecdotic Medley.

By "THORNABY," AUTHOR OF "RACING MEN," &c.

### CHAPTER XVIII.

#### HORSE STEALING ANECDOTES.

**H**ORSE stealing is a crime of considerable antiquity in England, where it has always been regarded as deserving very severe punishment.

Holinshed mentions in his "Chronicles" that during the reign of Queen Elizabeth a noted horse-stealer named Ditch was apprehended, charged upon nineteen indictments, eighteen of which he confessed to. It appears that between the time of his apprehension and the sessions "he appeached many of stealing horses, whereof many of them were taken up, and ten of them condemned and hung at Smithfield, on horse-market day," a day specially selected, we presume, in order that the warning and example to such like evil-doers should be the more notorious and efficacious amongst the fraternity. This man Ditch was evidently possessed of the full cunning peculiar to his tribe, as it is said he practised the dodge of acting also the part of common informer, by helping many to recover their stolen horses, charging as a fee ten shillings each, whereby, as Holinshed says, "he made fifteen pounds of current money towards his charges."

In olden times Smithfield was the principal horse mart of London, and, till the cattle market was finally removed from the city, copers of the worst kind congregated there.

"Monsieur Rosetti says the Arabians have five distinct breeds of horses, and that some of these animals are so sensible as never to suffer themselves to be delivered up to a purchaser until the ceremony has been completed by the seller, of having received a little salt, and a morsel of bread! We presume this bread must be something like that formerly sold weekly at Smithfield, where it is customary and almost imperative, to insure 'good luck,' that the seller should treat the buyer with something more potent and palatable than salt. We have heard of two of these chapmen who invoked good luck by such potent libations to the jolly god that they at length quarrelled on the subject of their several identities; the original seller fancying himself the buyer, and the real purchaser as stoutly maintaining that he was the seller. Some

humane friend to the parties (it seems Smithfield abounded with such), by walking off with both the horse and the purchase money, ended the dispute, which convinces us that their Bacchanalian patron must have been offended either by the scantiness or the ill use of their offerings." \*

In the wilder parts of America Judge Lynch settles accounts with horse-thieves, who are held in detestation. In more civilized States the crime is severely punished, though by a regular tribunal. A cute Yankee once got back a large sum of money by making a charge of horse-stealing against his defrauder, as is pleasantly related by Sam Slick:

"Felix Foyle lived in the back part of the State of New York, and carried on a smart chance of business in the provision line. Beef and pork and flour was his staples, and he did a great stroke in 'em. Perhaps he did so to the tune of four hundred thousand dollars a year, more or less. Well, in course, in such a trade as that, he had to employ a good many folks as clerks and salters and agents, and what-not, and among them was his book-keeper, Sossipater Cuddy. Sossipater (or Sassy, as folks used to call him, for he was rather high in the instep, and was Sassy by name, and Sassy by natur' too,)—well, Sassy was a cute man, a good judge of cattle, a grand hand at a bargain, and a'most an excellent scholar at figures. He was generally allowed to be a first-rate business man. Only to give you an idee, now, of that man's smartness, how ready and up to the notch he was at all times, I must jist stop fast and tell you the story of the cigar.

"In some of our towns we don't allow smokin' in the streets though in most on 'em we do, and where it's agin the law it is two dollars fine in a gineral way. Well, Sassy went down to Bosten to do a little chore of business there, where this law was, only he didn't know of it. So, as soon as he gets off the coach, he outs with his case, takes a cigar, lights it, and walks on smokin' like a furnace flue. No sooner said than done. Up steps constable and sais, 'I trouble you for two dollars for smokin' agin law in the street.' Sassy was as quick as wink on him. 'Smokin'!' sais he, 'I warn't a smokin'.' 'Oh, my!' sais constable, 'how you talk, man. I won't say you lie, because it ain't polite, but its very like the way I talk when I lie. Didn't I see you with my own eyes?' 'No,' sais Sassy, 'you didn't. It don't do always to believe your own eyes, they can't be depended on more nor other people's. I never trust mine, I can tell you. I own I had a cigar in my mouth, but it was because I like the flavour of tobacco, but not to smoke. I take it it don't convene with the dignity of a free and enlightened citizen of our almighty nation to break the law, seein' that he makes the law himself, and is his own sovereign and his own subject too. No, I warn't smokin', and if you don't believe me try

\* Blaine's "Encyclopedia of Rural Sports."

this cigar yourself and see if it ain't so. It hante got no fire in it.' Well, constable takes the cigar, puts it into his mug, and draws away, and out comes the smoke like anythin'.

"'I'll trouble you for two dollars, Mr. High Sheriff devil,' sais Sassy, 'for smokin' in the streets; do you underconstand, my old coon?' Well, constable was all taken aback, he was finely bit. 'Stranger,' sais he, 'where was you raised?' 'To Canady line,' sais Sassy. 'Well,' sais he, 'your a credit to your broughtens up.' Well, let the fine drop, for we are about even, I guess. Let's liquor;' and he took him into a bar and treated him to a mint julep. It was generally considered a great bite that, and I must say I don't think it was bad. But to get back to where I started from. Sassy, as I was a-sayin', was the book-keeper of old Felix Foyle. The old gentleman sot great store by him, and couldn't do without him on no account, he was so ready like, and always on hand. But Sassy thought he could do without him though. So one fine day he absgotilated with four thousand dollars in his pocket, of Felix's, and cut dirt for Canady as hard as he could chip. Felix Foyle was actilly in a most beautiful frizzle of a fix. He knew who he had to deal with, and that he might as well follow a fox almost as Sassy, he was so everlastin' cunnin', and that the British wouldn't give up a debtor to us, but only felons; so he thought the fust loss was the best, and was about givin' it up as a bad job, when an idee struck him, and off he started in chase with all steam on. Felix was the clear grit when his dander was up, and he never slept, night or day, till he reached Canady, too, got on the trail of Sassy, and came up to where he was airted at Niagara. When he arrived it was about noon, so as he enters the tavern he sees Sassy standing with his face to the fire and his back to the door, and what does he do but slip into the meal-room and hide himself till night. Just as it was dark in comes old Bambrick, the innkeeper, with a light in his hand, and Felix slips behind him, shuts too the door, and tells him the whole story from beginning to end; how Sassy had served him; and lists the old fellow in his service, and off they set to a magistrate and get out a warrant, and then they goes to the deputy-sheriff, and gets Sassy arrested. Sassy was so taken aback, he was hardly able to speak for a minute or two, for he never expected Felix would follow him into Canady at all, seein' that if he onced reached British soil he was safe. But he soon come too again, so he ups and bullies. 'Pray sir,' sais he, 'what do you mean by this?' 'Nothin' above partikelar,' sais Felix, quite cool; 'only I guess I want the pleasure of your company back, that's all,' and then turnin' to the onder sheriff, 'Squire,' sais he, 'will you take a turn or two in the entry, while Sassy and I settle a little matter of business together?' and out goes Nab. 'Mr. Foyle,' sais Sassy, 'I have no business to settle with you—arrest me, sir, at your peril, and I'll action you in law for false

imprisonment.' 'Where's my money,' sais Felix, 'where's my four thousand dollars?' 'What do I know about your money?' sais Sassy. 'Well,' sais Felix, 'it is your business to know, and I paid you as my book-keeper to know, and if you don't know you must jest return with me and find out, that's all—so come, let us be movin'.' Well, Sassy larfed right out in his face. 'Why you cussed fool,' sais he, 'don't you know I can't be taken out o' this colony state but only for crime; what a rael soft-horn you must be to have done so much business and not know that!' 'I guess I got a warrant that'll take you out, tho',' sais Felix; 'read that,' a handin' the paper to him. 'Now I shall swear to that agin, and send it to governor, and down will come the marchin' order in quick stick. I'm soft, I know, but I ain't sticky for all that; I generally come off clear, without leavin' no part behind.' The moment Sassy saw the warrant his face fell, and the cold perspiration rose out like rain-drops, and his colour went and came, and his knees shook like anythin'. 'Hoss-stealin'!' sais he aloud to himself—'hoss-stealin'!—heavens and airth, what perjury! Why, Felix,' sais he, 'you know devilish well I never stole your hoss, man; how could you go and swear to such an infarnal lie as that?' 'Well, I'm nothin' but a "cussed fool" and a rael "soft-horn" you know,' sais Felix, 'as you said just now, and if I had gone and sworn to the debt, why you'd a kept the money, gone to jail, and swore out, and I'd a-had my trouble for my pains. So you see I swore you stole my hoss, for that's a crime though absquotolatin' ain't, and that will force the British governor to deliver you up, and when I get you into New York State why you settle with me for for my four thousand dollars, and I will settle with you for stealin' my hoss,' and he put his finger to the tip end of his nose, and winked and said, 'young folks think old folks is fools, but old folks *know* young folks is fools. I warn't born yesterday and I had my eye-teeth sharpened before your'n were through the gums, I guess. You hante got the Bosten constable to deal with now, I can tell you, but old Felix Foyle himself, and he ain't so blind but what he can feel his way along, I guess—do you take my meanin' my young coon?' 'I'm sold,' sais Sassy, and he sot down, put both elbows on the table, and covered his face with his hands and fairly cried like a child. 'I'm sold,' sais he. 'Buy your pardon then,' sais Felix. 'Pay down the four thousand dollars and you are a free and enlightened citizen once more.' Sassy got up and unlocked his portmanteau, and counted it all out in paper rolls just as he received it. 'Thar it is,' sais he, 'and I must say you deserve it. That was a great stroke o' your'n.' 'Stop a bit,' sais Felix, 'seein' more money there, all his savin's for years, 'we ain't done yet. I must have 500 dollars for expenses.' 'There, d—n you,' sais Sassy, throwin' another roll at him; 'there it is, are you done yet?' 'No,' sais Felix, 'not yet; now you have done me justice, I must do you the same, and clear your



character. Call in that gentleman the constable from the entry, and I will go a treat of half-a-pint of brandy. Mr. Officer,' sais Felix, 'here is some mistake, this gentleman has convinced me he was only follerin', as my clerk, a debtor of mine here, and when he transacts his bus'ness, will return, having left his boss at the lines, where I can get him if I choose; and I must say I am glad on't, for the credit o' the nation abroad. Fill your glass; here's a five-dollar bill to your fees, and here's to your good health. If you want provision to ship off in the way of trade, I'm Felix Foyle, and shall be happy to accommodate you.'

"Now," said Mr. Slick, 'that is what I call a rael clever trick, a great card, warn't it? He deserves credit, does Felix; it ain't every one would a-been up to trap that way, is it?'

"Sam," said his father, rising with great dignity and formality of manner, 'was that man, Felix Foyle, ever a military man?'

"No, sir; he never had a commission, even in the militia, as I knows on."

"I thought not," said the colonel. 'No man that had seen military life could ever tell a lie, much less take a false oath. That fellow, sir, is a villain, and I wish Washington and I had him to the halberts; by the 'tarnel we'd teach him to disgrace our great name before those benighted colonists.'"

This affair terminated pleasantly for every one except the poor wretch who had to disgorge his ill-gained wealth; but when Judge Lynch presides over the court before which the horse thief is brought, the business is finished in such a rapid manner that there is little chance of the culprit escaping; and it happens occasionally that an innocent man suffers. As an instance of a tragic trial for horse stealing, Mr. Clarence King, of the United States Geological Survey, thus reports a horse-stealing trial in California:—

"Early in the fifties, on a still, hot summer's afternoon, a certain man, in the camp of the northern mines which shall be nameless, having tracked his two donkeys and one horse a half mile, and discovering that a man's track with spur-marks followed them, came back to town and told 'the boys' who loitered about a popular saloon, that in his opinion 'some Mexican had stolen the animals.'

"Such news as this naturally demanded drinks all round. 'Do you know, gentlemen,' said one who assumed leadership, 'that just naturally to shoot these Greasers ain't the best way. Give 'em a fair jury trial, and rope 'em up with all the majesty of law. That's the cure.'

"Such words of moderation were well received, and they drank again to 'here's hoping we ketch that Greaser.'

"As they loafed back again to the verandah, a Mexican walked

over the hill brow, jingling his spurs pleasantly in accord with a whistled waltz. The advocate for law said in an undertone, 'That's the cuss.'

"A rush, a struggle, and the Mexican, bound hand and foot, lay on his back in the bar-room. Happily such cries as 'String him up!' 'Burn the doggoned lubricator!' and other equally pleasant phrases, fell unheeded upon his Spanish ear.

"A jury, upon which they forced my friend, was quickly gathered in the street, and despite refusals to serve, the crowd hurried them in behind the bar. A brief statement of the case was made by the *ci-devant* advocate, and they shoved the jury into a commodious poker-room, where seats were grouped about neat green tables. The noise outside in the bar-room by-and-by died away into complete silence, but from afar down the cañon came confused sounds as of disorderly cheering.

"They came nearer, and again the light-hearted noise of human laughter mingled with clinking glasses. A low knock at the door of the jury-room; the lock burst in, and a dozen smiling fellows asked the verdict.

"A foreman promptly replied, '*Not guilty.*'

"With volleyed oaths and ominous laying of hands on pistol hilts, the boys slammed the door, with 'You'll have to do better than that!'

"In half an hour the advocate opened the door again.

"Your *opinion*, gentlemen?"

"Guilty!"

"Correct! You can come out.' We hung him an hour ago.

"The jury took 'theirs neat,' and when after a few minutes the pleasant village returned to its former tranquillity it was 'allowed' at more than one saloon, that 'Mexicans'll know enough to let white men's stock alone after this.' One after another exchanged the belief that this sort of thing was more sensible than 'nipping 'em on sight.'

"When, before sunset, the bar-keeper concluded to sweep some dust out of his poker-room back door, he felt a momentary surprise at finding the missing horse dozing under the shadow of an oak, and the two lost donkeys serenely masticating playing-cards, of which many bushels lay in a dusty pile. He was reminded then that the animals had been there all day."\*

The records of Judge Lynch's court are but imperfectly kept, or doubtless many other equally tragic blunders could be related. In some cases the stolen horse was made executioner; the culprit's arms were bound behind his back, he was mounted on the horse, a rope depending from a tree being fastened round his neck. When the horse moved on the thief was left hanging.

The Indians of North America are great horse thieves, and some

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\* "Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada," by Clarence King.

account of their exploits, and manner of thieving has been given by an Englishman who travelled much on the prairie.

"On rising we heard that a small party of Ricaras had carried off twenty-six of our horses during the night, including two of mine, one of which broke away from them and returned; but one of them, a venerable grey, remained in the hands of the captors. Soon after our departure from Fort Leavenworth, our American lad, who was a merry wag, named the pack horses and mules after the public men of the day, according to his opinion of their respective merits and qualities. It was impossible to avoid a smile when I overheard some of his objurgations, as he was driving them up in the rear:—'Come up, General!' 'Who, ho, Van Buren—your pack is all one side.' 'Go it, Henry Clay—old Kentucky for ever!' &c. I believe it was General Jackson that remained a Ricara prisoner. How they ever succeeded in making him move I cannot imagine, as all our instruments of persuasion, from a spur to a cowhide, could only extract a very small jog-trot, and that for a short time. Nevertheless, he must have been forced off at some speed, as a few Pawnees pursued for many miles in the morning without success.

"The manner in which they (the Ricaras) steal horses is as follows:—Two or three men approach the encampment cautiously soon after nightfall, and take advantage of any creek, dell, or brushwood that may serve to conceal them from the observation of the out pickets; if they succeed in reaching the extremity of the village undiscovered they stand up and walk deliberately through it, wrapped in their buffalo robes. They can no longer be distinguished from the Pawnees by the faint light of the half extinguished fires; and as they pass the groups of horses collected before their respective owners' lodges, they cut with a sharp knife the laryettes that secure those they purpose to carry off. As soon as they have loosened the required number, each man jumps upon one, and they drive off the rest at full speed, shaking their blankets and urging the alarmed animals to their utmost exertions. Of course they obtain a considerable start of any pursuit, and, if the night is dark, run but little risk of being overtaken.

"The manner of securing horses on the prairie against these depredators is twofold; either to tie them by a laryette, passed round the neck; or to 'hobble' them, which is effected by tying the fore-legs close together, by leather thongs passed round them, below the knee-joint. This latter is the safer plan, because a thief can sometimes cut the laryette as he walks, without risk of observation; but if he stoops down to untie or cut a strong leather thong between the shins of a horse, he not only runs more risk of alarming the animal, but incurs suspicion from anyone who may happen to be lying awake in the neighbourhood. In cases where there is a probability of such an attempt, it is better both to tie and hobble them.

"The following day the chiefs assembled and sat in council many hours, discussing the expediency of reprisals. The subject afforded a wide field for discussion, as the United States, in the stipulation for paying the annuities for ceded lands, exacted from the Pawnees that they should not send out parties to steal horses, as had been their practice. In the meantime the more distant tribes came in to hunt in the buffalo prairies and steal the Pawnees' horses, while the latter are forbidden to make reprisals. These stipulations would be very hard *if adhered to*; but I have good reason to believe that during my residence with the Pawnees they sent out several horse-stealing parties, one of which was supposed to have met with considerable success among the Kansas Indians, a tribe settled on the river of the same name. The Indian notions of reprisal are very cosmopolitan; if thirty horses are stolen from them and they cannot discover the thieves, they consider themselves perfectly justified in stealing thirty from the first party or tribe that may offer them the opportunity."\*

At the present time in England the crime of horse stealing is comparatively rare, though occasionally a notice against a police-station wall, or a newspaper advertisement, tells us that it has not entirely died out. The best plan is for those who possess valuable horses to remember the old adage—"It is no use locking the stable door when the steed is stolen."

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#### A LETTER.

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DEAR, on the eve of this our wedding-day  
I bid thee pause and think. Since—years ago—  
We plighted troth thou hast left the shadow  
Of our quiet vale, to mingle with the fray,  
The din and turmoil of the world's highway,  
And found therein room for thy soul to grow.  
So I, left here behind, may be, I know,  
No help-mate for thee. Soon thou mightest say,  
"This woman clogs me!" Dear, I would not be  
The ivy's cruel twine to make thee weak.  
Beneath its leaves think'st thou I should not see  
The mouldering ruins? How could I seek,  
If 'twere not for thy good, to wed with thee?  
Better it were to die, love. Therefore, speak!

H. M.

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\* Hon. C. A. Murray, "Travels in North America."

## SNOBTON SOCIETY.

*Pen-and-Ink Sketches.*

DRAWN BY MISS THERESA TOWNMOUSE, FOR THE BENEFIT OF HER  
FRIEND MISS GWENDOLINE COUNTRYMOUSE.

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### LETTER II.

*From Theresa Townmouse to Gwendoline Countrymouse.*

Snobton-by-the-Sea, —shir

DEAREST GWEN,

Since you goodnaturedly declare that my letters do not bore you, and further express a wish to hear more about the good people of Snobton, I resume where I left off, namely, in describing to the best of my ability, the "sub-county set," an epithet which I applied to the clique that is not precisely of the town, and yet is very far from attaining to that of the "county proper." I confess that I have derived considerable amusement from a closer study of this particular set. The manners and customs which obtain there are not as the manners and customs of those whom you and I, dear Gwen, have been taught to consider as holding of right an acknowledged position in society.

The refinement which springs from good feeling, and the courtesy natural to those accustomed to good society—I use the word in its best sense—are conspicuous by their absence. As an instance of this singular lack of politeness in the "sub-country" set, I will relate an incident that occurred the other night at a dinner-party at which I was present—an incident slight enough in itself, but, as straws show which way the wind blows, that will serve to illustrate the truth of what I have asserted, that some of the members of the "sub-county" clique omitted to pay that oft-forgotten twopence which, in my nursery days, was considered the necessary fee for instruction in good manners.

The dinner-party in question was given in honour of Mrs. Dovelng, a young bride of good family but of slender income, and a newcomer to the neighbourhood. Among the guests was Mrs. FitzHodge, for once without her daughters. That lady had, judging from the vinegarish expression of her unamiable visage, come resolved to snub pretty Mrs. Dovelng—a soft-eyed, soft-voiced, gentle-mannered little woman, essentially a lady. Never were two beings more utterly dissimilar than those two: a kite and a dove, a tigress and a month-old kitten were about as well

matched combatants as Mrs. FitzHodge and Mrs. Dovelings. The former is, as I told you in my last letter, very tall, stiff and unbending, more like a maypole than a woman; the latter is small, graceful, and plump as a partridge.

As soon as Mrs. FitzHodge entered the room—oh, my dear Gwen, in *such* a gown!—a stiff impracticable iron-grey silk affair of antiquated cut—I felt that the poor little bride would have a bad time of it. I knew in what quarter the wind blew—"Due east," as Mr. Jarndyce would have said—a bitter, searching blast, certain to find out all the weak places in one. But to drop metaphor, it was but too evident, as Mrs. FitzHodge swept majestically into the room, that she was in the very baddest of bad tempers, to use an extremely ungrammatical phrase. A cold, disapproving glance shot from her pale blue eyes when Mrs. Dovelings was introduced by the hostess, and her thin lips tightened in an icy smile, as she stiffly bowed; every fold of the iron-grey gown rustling a protest as she did so. That glance and that smile betrayed the animosity smouldering in Mrs. FitzHodge's bosom. You will wonder why so much good hatred should be wasted on such a very inoffensive little person as Mrs. Dovelings; you will marvel no longer when I whisper something in your ear. *On dit* that had Mr. Dovelings had the good taste to propose to Miss Melusina, he would not have sighed in vain, but, as one of the most delightful of modern writers has it, I presume he preferred the "extremely little" in woman, and the extensive charms and superabundant inches of the fair daughter of the house of FitzHodge were not to his taste. Be that as it may, however, certain it is that Mrs. Dovelings was in Mrs. FitzHodge's eyes a grievous offender, inasmuch as she had deliberately and wickedly accepted and married Theophilus Dovelings, and for that heinous sin the decree had emanated from the Rectory that Mrs. Dovelings was to be duly snubbed on all practicable occasions.

This is how the snub was administered. But before proceeding further, I will try to classify the various kinds of snubs in general use, that you, dear Gwen, may be able to recognise them when you leave the seclusion of your Welsh home, as no doubt you will some day, for the great world. There is first the "Snub Courteous;" this requires a considerable amount of tact, *savoir faire*, and command of temper for its due administration. I have seen women in society who were adepts at the art, and others who failed signally. In the wider arena of politics, the "Snub Courteous" is a powerful weapon in a practised and skilful hand—as for instance in that of our never-to-be-sufficiently-lamented Beaconsfield. When wielded by *his* hand the unhappy recipient shrank and shivered but dared not cry out, so cleverly, so neatly, so suavely was the keen-edged blade driven home. It was the very perfection of finished verbal warfare.

Then comes the "Snub Circumstantial;" this is largely



patronised by young ladies, and used occasionally against each other sometimes, but less often, against the nobler sex. It requires far less *aplomb* and nicety than the "Snub Courteous," though now and again it can be made tolerably effective. But, at best, it is a somewhat evasive and nugatory mode of attack, so I will not dwell longer on this variety of the genus, but pass on to the "Snub Churlish." This particular member of the Snub family is a decidedly John Bullish, masculine and unadorned individual—I greatly prefer it to the last named. People who make use of the "Snub Churlish" are often, nay usually, averse to any underhand method of attack. No subtle venom of spite or innuendo poisons the arrow; satire rarely wings the shaft. The "Snub Churlish" is rather the outcome of ill-temper, *le spleen*—as our neighbours across Channel would say—than of malice or actual ill-feeling. A hundred instances arise in my mind of occasions when the "Snub Churlish" has been used to some purpose, but I will not bore you by recounting them now.

To proceed: the "Snub Direct" comes next in my category. This needs little explanation; it explains itself. A single sentence will suffice to sum up its leading characteristics. It is generally indulged in by elderly ladies, by Jacks-in-office, and by cross-questioning Q.C.'s; it is as a rule bitter as gall, cutting as the sharpest knife, biting as the air on a frosty morning, irritating as the sting of a mosquito, to use a jumble of metaphors. There, my dear Gwen, after that I must take breath, and let the rest of the Snub family go. In their endless variety they stretch out before me in a vista long as the regal line of Banquo's race shown by the witches to Macbeth.

I have not wandered so far from my subject as it would seem at the first glance. Mrs. FitzHodge, that evening, administered to inoffensive Mrs. Dovelings the "Snub Direct," but, as the upshot will show, herself received from a most unexpected quarter the "Snub Courteous." This is how it came about. We were a party of a dozen or so, and dinner proceeded quietly for some time. We partook of our soup and of our fish, of flesh and of fowl; we ate our ice-pudding at peace with each other and with the world. The cheese went round, and still the storm of Mrs. FitzHodge's ill-temper brooded over us, but did not burst forth. She was waiting her opportunity. With the dessert it came. *Eheu!—ehew!* unhappy Mrs. Dovelings!

One of the guests, a white-headed old General—who is one of the most amusing, chatty, and delightful of men—unfortunately remarked to Mrs. Dovelings that the first time he had the pleasure of seeing her she was engaged in the useful, if undignified, occupation of trying to coax an obstinate fire to burn in her drawing-room grate. Mrs. Dovelings blushed, looked deprecatingly around, and murmured something about their "hardly being settled in their house yet," of the difficulty of getting good servants, &c.

The General, seeing her embarrassment, with his usual kindness of heart said, jokingly, that according to the old superstition Mr. Dovelng ought to prove a pattern husband, for he remembered that the fire burnt up brightly under her skilful handling. "And," he added smiling, "I know I called at an unpardonably early hour."

"Lighting a fire!" interrupted Mrs. FitzHodge, who sat opposite the bride and had heard every word, fixing her cold blue eyes on her *vis-à-vis* crimson face. "Lighting a fire! were you, indeed? How *did* you know how to do it? I shouldn't know whether to put the coal, or the wood, or the paper first. I never lighted a fire in my life; I really shouldn't know how to begin." There was dead silence in the room. Every one pitied poor blushing, disconcerted Mrs. Dovelng; but for a moment no one knew what to say.

"Not know how to light a fire? oh, fie! Mrs. FitzHodge," interrupted the General's wife, a ruddy, comely, middle-aged woman, who prides herself on having been with her husband in all parts of the globe, and on her patient endurance of the inevitable hardships attendant on foreign service. "You would never have done for a soldier's wife. I have lighted many a fire for my husband and children, and cooked them many a dinner too. We should have had but a hard time of it, Hugh, shouldn't we?" she added, with an admiring glance at "her General" as she loved to call him, "if I hadn't known how." There was a chorus of laughter at this *repartie*, and Mrs. FitzHodge subsided into sulky silence until we ladies rose to leave the room. I need scarcely add that Mrs. Dovelng was duly petted and made much of all the rest of the evening, especially by the kind-hearted woman who had taken up the cudgels on her behalf.

But now I think I have lingered long enough with the "sub-county" set—at all events for the present. I may return to the subject in a future letter. I wish to sketch for your benefit and amusement two families who reign supreme in the first "town" clique, which forms the connecting link between the "sub-county" set and the ruck of Snobton Society.

Assuredly this delightful watering-place is the earthly Elysium of the retired shopkeeper and of the successful medical practitioner. In many places the former would be absolutely "no where" in society, and the latter occupy only a very secondary place. Here, these two classes of the community reign paramount, and are very largely represented. Why it is so, I will endeavour to explain. With regard to the first named, the retired shopkeepers, I think the reason they enjoy so large an amount of consideration in Snobton is, that Snobton society headed by the Plutuses exalts the god Mammon, perhaps, more than society, under other guidance, does elsewhere. Wealth being the Alpha and Omega of the social creed in Snobton, and trade being as is

well known a very Fortunatus purse, the successful trader is looked upon as a very superior being indeed, inasmuch as his banking book is generally in a healthy condition, and he is consequently able to live in a big house, to give big entertainments, and lastly, to talk very big about "my horses," "my carriages," and so forth. The reason why doctors enjoy such unusual social distinction I must explain later on. I wish first to introduce you to Mr. and Mrs. Plantagenet Highflyer, who may be fairly considered as representing the class of wealthy retired traders, who honour Snobton by their presence.

Plantagenet Highflyer—do you know I am often tempted to doubt the authenticity of that aristocratic Christian name—Peter would be so much more probable—Plantagenet Highflyer retired from business some fifteen years ago. Having amassed a comfortable fortune as a linen draper in one of our large Midland manufacturing towns, and being blessed with an ambitious wife bent on pushing her way into a social sphere above that in which she was born, he migrated to Snobton, established himself in a large house in a fashionable locality, and resolved to be a gentleman. But that *desiderium* is not one to be easily acquired by men of the calibre of Plantagenet Highflyer. You know the good old story of how Gentle King Jamie—who in spite of his affectation and pedantry could rap out some smart, witty speeches sometimes—when asked by the mother of one of his low-born favourites to make a gentleman of her son, replied, "Nay, good-wife, I will make thy son a baron if thou wilt, but God alone can make him a gentleman."

Well, as Plantagenet Highflyer is far from being one of Nature's gentlemen, I suppose nothing would ever make him one. Then to add to the hopelessness of the task he has set himself to accomplish, the particular type—that of the jovial, loud-talking, fox-hunting squire—he aspires to imitate, is one not to be easily copied. Indeed his failure is complete. In vain he hunts in a red coat, in vain he perambulates the town with a hunting crop in his hand, in vain he apes the gait of one long familiar with the saddle, in vain he assumes the bluff, hearty, good-humoured manner of his prototype.

The veneer is so thin that the commonness of the material beneath is continually exposed. To paraphrase the Great Napoleon's celebrated epigram: scratch the country gentleman and you will find the tradesman.

No, Plantagenet Highflyer, it is useless! Drop the mask—it will never deceive any one long—and stand forth in your true colours. You earned your money—I trust honestly, *that* is the great point—under the banner of Trade; measuring yard, day-book and ledger were your weapons in life's battle. Never blush to own it. Take your rightful place in the world's army, and you will at least win the respect due to honesty and sincerity.

The Highflyers are among the most assiduous of the toadies who worship at the shrine of Sir Aminadab and Lady Plutus.

The title—brand new as it is—has its charms, and, according to the Highflyer ideas, the Plutuses represent the English aristocracy—save the mark! Plutus Hall is a Palace of Delight, and an invitation to one of the heterogeneous gatherings denominated “receptions” periodically held there, the very acme of earthly bliss.

In such a mind as that of Plantagenet Highflyer politics are only a means to an end—only a convenient stepping-stone to that position in society to which he aspires; therefore, you may imagine that his political opinions are moulded on those of Sir Aminadab Plutus. Plantagenet Highflyer is accordingly a Liberal, as indeed are most of the *élite* of Snobton.

Mrs. Highflyer ably seconds her lord in his efforts to rise in the social scale. He, as I have already told you, affects the country gentleman; she assumes the airs of a *grande dame*. In my last letter I intimated the extreme importance, according to Snobton notions, of keeping a carriage. Plantagenet Highflyer's comfortable income enabling him to yield to Snobton prejudices on this point, Mrs. Highflyer is in a position to look down with thinly veiled pity—pity strongly tinged with contempt—on those whom necessity compels to forego that genteel adjunct. When obliged to speak to any of these unhappy non-carriage-keeping individuals, Mrs. Highflyer affects an almost royal condescension of manner, and “stoops” not “to conquer” but to patronise, being fully conscious of her own magnanimity in doing so.

The Highflyers give large parties on the pattern of the “receptions” at Plutus Hall; but Mrs. Highflyer, like her patroness and model Lady Plutus, disdains to do more than “receive” her guests in a royal sort of fashion, leaving them afterwards entirely to their own resources. It matters not how bored the unfortunate victims of her hospitality may be—I use the word advisedly, for many of the Highflyers' guests are literally victims to the vanity and selfishness of their hosts; no inconsiderable number of those bidden to these melancholy “entertainments” (surely the word must be used in sarcasm) are asked only to fill the rooms and act the part of automatons or lay-figures. These neglected guests are but the “walking ladies and gentlemen”—to use a theatrical simile—the leading rôles being filled by those who have the distinguished honour of belonging to what Mrs. Highflyer calls “our set.”

Enjoyment is indeed seldom an element in Snobton parties; to get as many people as possible into a given space; to all but asphyxiate them in a stifling atmosphere, and, lastly, to bore them—unutterably seems to be the general aim.

As an example of the extraordinary lack in Mrs. Highflyer of those qualities necessary in a hostess, I give you the following instance. The other night a lady and her two daughters were

bidden to one of Mrs. Highflyer's receptions. Being recent arrivals in Snobton, and their position in society not having been settled by the worthy Snobtonians, they were in a manner at their hostess' mercy. They had only a few casual acquaintances, and no friends in Mrs. Highflyer's drawing-rooms. My dear Gwen, I watched those three hapless women, strangers in a strange land, from a corner where I was tightly wedged in behind a fat old lady in a copper-brown satin gown, and a couple of dejected damsels past their first youth, and I assure you that they never exchanged a word with any one, that neither of the girls danced once—dancing was going on in one of the rooms—that refreshments were never even offered to them. There they sat on hour after hour, weary, bored, and, I am sure, *hungry*. I watched them pityingly, but what could I do? Had I been nearer to them I might perhaps have set conventionalities at defiance, and, though they were utter strangers to me, despatched my own cavalier to their aid—sending them provisions as to a beleaguered garrison; but we were separated by a sea of tightly-packed humanity. I could only cast compassionate glances at them and indignant ones at Mrs. Highflyer, who must have seen their plight, for I noticed that she “gorgonised” the unlucky trio more than once with a “stony British stare,” but she never deigned to approach them. At last they rose to leave—for my part I wonder they stayed so long—and slowly working their way through the crowd, they vanished from my eyes. This little anecdote may sound incredible, nevertheless I assure you it is *true*.

But “the hours creep on apace.” One o'clock has just struck. I must lay aside my pen—no doubt you are weary of its vagaries—wish you “good-night,” and subscribe myself,

Your always attached,

THERESA TOWNMOUSE.

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## THEN AND NOW.

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I HEAR the happy laughter of the brook,  
The whisper of the breeze,  
Through this same glade my tired eyes may look  
At sunlight and at trees.  
Yet what is it the springtime lacks to-day,  
Being rich in these ?

I see the burnished rocks half clothed in foam,  
The laughing waters' gift ;  
I hear the birds' songs from their leafy home,  
Through leafy silence drift.  
On what strange wings have past and sad years flown  
In flight so swift ?

Above the pulses of the beating air,  
That stirs the trembling leaves,  
Across the clouds that make the sky more fair  
Than foam-waves make the seas ;  
I see another day that dawns above  
These self-same trees.

I see it dawn and brighten and grow deep,  
With joys I dare not tell ;  
I see it die in sorrow's deathless sleep,  
I hear the parting knell  
That warns me Hope has done its best and worst,  
Since I have loved—too well.

Go back, my heart, to tired days and hours,  
This day is not for you !  
Though this same spring once held these self-same  
flowers  
In sweeter scent and hue ;  
Earth is not heaven, and Love no life embowers  
With rose—and not with rue !

RITA.

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## CURIOSITIES OF THE CARDINALATE.

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THE Cardinalate is a splendid dignity. More than "most illustrious" or "most reverend," combinations of words which mark the penultimate stages of titular honour through which it has passed unsatisfied towards a still more competent and expressive attitude, it has for over two centuries and a half occupied all but the summit of the hill of human distinctions, and is technically and pre-eminently "eminent."

This "eminence" is of course, as it has just been called, a human distinction; yet the honour to which it gives expression is one which is primarily not of this world. It is a spiritual power and principedom, and belongs, by hypothesis, to the kingdom of heaven, which cometh not with observation. But the tree which has its true roots in celestial soil, has attained, by a process which is not very difficult to understand, to an earth-sheltering luxuriance of foliage. The clouds of the glory of another world, as they sweep the surface of our every-day planet, are apt to attract and to trail after them the reflected glitter of earth, and the dust of its applause. It is all but necessary, and in the very nature of things, that the loyalty and docility of the faithful should invest a spiritual authority with external glory and circumstance. The powers and prestige of heaven must find utterance in the symbols of secular grandeur—in the pomps, and what would otherwise be, *per se*, and apart from their religious significance, the vanities of the world; and Rome, the eternal city, accordingly empurples those amongst her magnates who rank as the leading citizens and custodians of the New Jerusalem.

The idea of custody or guardianship, of the option of alternative exclusion or of welcome, of opening or of shutting, is in fact contained in the most popular, and, on the whole, the most probable, of the various current etymologies of the word "cardinal." This derivation is of a homely order, yet picturesque in its simplicity, and proud in its pretensions. "One of the favourite comparisons," says Archbishop Trench—who expresses his belief that the appropriation of the word cardinal to the parochial clergy of the city of Rome, with the subordinate bishops of that diocese, was "an outgrowth, and itself a standing testimony, of the measureless assumption of the Roman See"—"one of the favourite comparisons by which that see was used to set out its relation of superiority to all other churches of Christendom was this; it was the 'hinge' or *cardo*, on which

all the rest of the Church, as the door, at once depended and turned. It followed presently upon this that the clergy of Rome were *cardinales*, as nearest to, and most closely connected with, him who was thus the 'hinge' or *cardo* of all."

Thus the almost vulgar utility of the *cardo* or "hinge," which is ordinarily known as the hook on which a door is turned, or a gate is swung, has been illustrated by its adoption in the sense just described in the words of Dr. Trench; and in support of the antiquity of this application of the word cardinal, a letter, professing to be one of Pope Anacletus the first, in the first age of Christianity, is put forward with, it would seem, more confidence than validity. For when the epistle of Anacletus is made amenable to the stricter canons of literary criticism, and especially of Protestant criticism, it is generally denounced as a forgery of the ninth century. This being the case, its testimony falls to the ground. Such as it is, however, it is to the effect that the Apostolic See had been divinely appointed as the hinge and the head—*cardo et caput*—of all the churches; and that in like manner, as a gate is regulated by the *cardo* or hinge, or a wheel by the axle, so are all the churches governed by its authority.

In a letter of Pope Leo IX., the genuineness of which is not called into question, the word cardinal is found in the particular relation to the *cardo*, to which reference has been made; and on the strength of this letter, Mr. Riddle, the author of a respectable "Manual of Christian Antiquities," slighting to the extent of ignoring any antecedent pretensions, remarks that the "title of 'Cardinal' and that of 'Pope' in its exclusive sense, are peculiar to the Church of Rome, and are comparatively of modern date. The institution of Cardinals was a work of the eleventh century."

There is, however, no absolute *consensus* or unanimity of opinion with regard to this derivation; but it is, at least, the most salient and striking of any that have been offered. Alternative derivations, of varying degrees of picturesqueness and pertinence, are extant and are defended. Two only of these seem to call for statement in an article which is not characteristically devoted to etymology, and which is already in some danger, not of crowding only, but of congestion, from the wealth of eligible material. The first of these derivations points to the name as having been adopted by the councillors of the Supreme Pontiff, from the grand officers of the Imperial Court, who were called Cardinals. According to the second, Cardinals derived their designation from the circumstance that at such times as the Pope celebrated mass, they stood at the *cardines*, in Italian, *cardini*, that is, at the angles or corners of the altar. Whatever may be the incidental derivation, the verbal etymology is almost bound to be conversant about the word *cardo*, its attributes and its derivatives in speech, whether taken in a primary or in some secondary or remoter sense—the proper relation of *cardinales*, as subordinate to the

*cardo*, being in all cases regarded. The etiquette is as strict and as uniform as that which gives identity of theme to the various phenomena of Joseph's dreams.

From the difference of the ecclesiastical status or quality of the Churches of Rome, as well as in the orders of the clergy by whom they were respectively served, there arose an internal discrimination of the Cardinals as priests and deacons, which, with the still higher grade of Cardinal-bishop, completes the classification by which they are distinguished.

The date assigned to the initiation of the Cardinalate varies on several grounds, and—amongst others—as the authorities relied upon are Roman Catholic or Protestant. But also the uncertainty and the discrepancies to be found amongst ecclesiastical historians, with regard not only to the origin of the name of cardinal, but to the period at which it was first used, and the persons to whom it was applied in the earlier stages of its history, are to be explained without the imputation of partisanship. The fact is that neither the thing nor the name was at any time appointed or created; but grew up, by successive and sometimes corrupt encroachments, which received the irregular suffrage of acceptance and recognition, and, from time to time the more formal sanction of Papal briefs and bulls.

It was in the twelfth century, in a Council, namely, which was held at Rome, A.D. 1179, called the third Lateran Council, that Pope Alexander III., with a view to avoid the commotion so often produced by the election of a new Pontiff, ordained that the right of voting on such occasions should belong exclusively to the Cardinals, and that the person who had the votes of two-thirds of the College of Cardinals should be considered the legitimate Pontiff. This constitution has continued to the present time; the election of pontiffs still retaining the forms which it assumed at that period, when not only the people, but also the clergy of Rome, were wholly excluded from any participation in it. Under another Pope of the same name, Alexander V., who was elected in the Council of Pisa, and died at Bologna, A.D. 1410, the Cardinals were allowed to hold many benefices, three or four deaneries, and as many presbyterships, besides several bishoprics.

As against the tendency to modernise the institution of Cardinals, it is contended that the word and the office were not unknown in the second century; and again, that both were formally recognized in the Roman Council said to have been held under Pope Sylvester I. in the year 324. But there are so many circumstances involved in the traditional details of this council which either violate the ascertained facts of history, or oppose the provisions of the canon law, that it is generally regarded as apocryphal.

It has even been affirmed, and received as worthy of credit, that the use of the term cardinal cannot be found in any genuine writer before the time of Gregory the Great, A.D. 590-604.

Whenever it may be that the College of Cardinals first emerged in history as a corporation, it is pretty certain that it was in its origin no more than the council which, according to the canons, every Metropolitan was obliged to consult, and in which, during a vacancy, all the metropolitan powers resided. Such a council shared in the supreme glory of the See of Rome, in the same proportion as every other church participated in the honour of its particular Metropolitan. But it was only gradually, and by the patient pretensions of many years, that the Cardinalate attained its ultimate degree of power and dignity.

In the Synod of Rome, under Benedict VIII., in 1015, the cardinals, priests, and deacons still signed after the bishops, and the cardinal-bishops after other bishops of older standing than themselves in the episcopal order. A great advance had been made between this date and the year 1050, when Humbertus, Bishop of Silva Candida, who was a cardinal-bishop of the See of Rome, took precedence, at Constantinople, of the Archbishop of Amalfi. This may be practically regarded as the formulating of the pretensions of cardinals, although not yet of their *exclusive* pretensions; which were not fixed without challenge, or established without resistance. Thus, in 1440, the Archbishop of Canterbury refused to allow to the Cardinal-Archbishop of York the precedence which he claimed; whereupon Pope Eugenius IV. wrote to the former, reprehending him for his conduct, and declaring that the Cardinalate had been instituted by St. Peter himself, and that the dignity of the Cardinals, who, with the Pope, governed the universal church, and sat in judgment upon bishops, was, past all doubt, greater than that of even patriarchs, who had jurisdiction over only a part of the church, and from whom there lay an appeal to the See of Rome.

The same dispute occurred between the Cardinal-Bishop of Cracow and the Primate of Gnesna, in 1449. As time went on, these arrogant pretensions of the College increased. Addressing Pope Pius, the Cardinals claimed to be esteemed as the equals of kings, *cardinales pares regibus haberi*; whilst a cardinal of Pavia went so far, on several occasions, as to claim precedence of royalty, *cardinalem . . . cujus dignitas antefertur regibus*. In 1561 the Cardinals of Lorraine and Guise refused to give place to the princes of the blood-royal. To such an excess had this arrogance and grasping of dignity attained in the sixteenth century that the bishops at the Council of Lateran, under Leo X., in 1512, came to the resolution either to keep away altogether, or to negative every proposition, until their grievances should have been met with redress and due consideration.

There is a passing phase of interest in the study and the fortunes of the word cardinal to be recognized in its wider and exoteric distribution, for the title was claimed as a privilege, and probably by usurpation rather than by any definite or formal commission, for

the canons of several of the leading cathedrals of France, Italy, Germany, and Spain—at Metz, Ravenna, Fermo, Salerno, Milan, Naples, Cologne, Seville, and Compostella. In the Church of Seville there were four canons so called; and at Milan twenty-four cardinal-canons, twelve of them being priests, nine deacons, and three sub-deacons, who officiated weekly in their course. Pope Leo IX., in 1054, appointed seven cardinal-priests canons at Besançon, Rheims, Cologne, and Aix-la-Chapelle, who officiated pontifically at the high altar, as at Magdeburg, Mayence, Treves, and Compostella. At Besançon they wore mitre, delmatic, gloves, and sandals; and the assistant-deacons and sub-deacons were called Cardinals.

Cardinals proper, however, in the more technical and limited sense in which—except for this single fugitive allusion to the sometimes wider scope of the designation—we are considering them, are the princes of the Roman Church, who in their different grades of bishops, priests, and deacons, compose the Sacred College or Council of the Pope. It is, in fact, from the members, and by the members, of this Apostolic College—who, with an easily understood reference at once to the assessors of Moses and the Apostles of Christ, are seventy in number—that his Holiness is elected. They are as near to him as they can be without being identical—his most intimate counsellors, assistants, and coadjutors, exercising their votes, whether affirmatively or negatively, in the conduct of the affairs of the Church of Rome all the world over. Only so far as that it does not include the Supreme Pontiff after his elevation, the Cardinalate is the culmination of the Roman hierarchy; and it shadows forth its quasi-imperial dignity in robes of purple, with other signs, peculiar to its members, of precedence and prescription. Their numbers are, by a pious hypothesis, recruited from persons who are qualified for the honour by egregious integrity and sanctity of life, by the practice of the more illustrious and singular virtues, by their attainments in science and learning, and by their tact and acquaintance with all the matters that have reference to the Church and to the entire domain of Christendom.

The purple which Cardinals claim as the distinctive colour of their garments has been chartered by instalments. A red cap was allowed them by Pope Innocent IV. at the Council of Lyons in 1245, which was borne on their armorial coat in testimony of their readiness to shed their blood for the Church. Until this date only legates *à latere* had been thus distinguished, and regulars who were Cardinals retained the head-dress of their orders until Pope Gregory XIV., in 1592, granted the privilege to them. In 1299, Pope Boniface gave the Cardinals a purple dress, in imitation of the Roman Consuls; but in 1213, Cardinal Pelagius, as legate *à latere*, wore it when ambassador at Constantinople. Paul II., A.D. 1464-71, gave them the episcopal dress, a white silk mitre with damask work, the red coif, the right of using

a white horse and purple housings, and a red hood or cope. At the same time they retained the scarlet bonnet formerly reserved to the Pontiff, and resembling the *causia*, a purple broad-brimmed hat, usually worn as a sunshade by the Macedonians and sailors. It has been suggested that red was adopted as the colour of supreme dignity, and royal purple by these heads of the spiritual militia of the Church. It was in 1586 that the Cardinalate became an international institution, by the declaration of Pope Sixtus of the eligibility of men of any nation, and not Italians only, to that dignity. In the year 1630, the Cardinals received the title of Eminence, in lieu of that of Most Illustrious and Most Reverend which had previously sufficed to give utterance to the sublimity of their elevation.

They formerly rode on mules with rich trappings; but in the middle of the sixteenth century adopted the use of carriages, until the Duchess of Mantua and other ladies of fashion followed their example, when they again, but only for a very short period, resumed the practice of riding on horseback. The Pope appoints a Cardinal in a consistory, the chief ceremony being the delivery of the scarlet hat, with the words, *Esto Cardinalis*, "Be a Cardinal;" and the dignity so created is thereafter presumed to be a brother of the Chief Pontiff. At first the Cardinal's hat had three scarlet knots, fringes, or tassels on each side; these were increased to five, while archbishops had four of purple colour, and bishops three of green material. During the last two centuries, however, bishops have worn four green ones, and prelates, abbots, and prothonotaries three of purple or black. Their dress consists of a red soutane, or cassock, with a cincture with tassels of gold, red caps and stockings, a rochet, and a large cloak with an ermine *cappa* in winter. Every cardinal has his chaplain, who wears a purple soutane and cincture, a surplice, and stole-like scarf, with which he supports his master's mitre when not actually worn. When the Pope officiates, or in a procession, the Cardinals wear white damask mitres, red shoes, and, if bishops, a cope; if priests, a chasuble; if deacons, a dalmatic. In times of penance the colour of their robes is violet; and, on a few particular days, rose instead of red. Their dress of state when not engaged in sacred functions, consists of a large purple mantle called the *croccia*; on less important occasions, of a mantelet, or short cloak, through which they put their arms, and worn over the rochet, whilst over this is a mozzetta, or tippet, showing only the chain of a pectoral cross. Some survivals of the once more general appropriation of the word cardinal are yet to be found; and whilst Popes Paul III. and Pius V. abrogated the title of cardinal in the other cathedrals, Compostella, by special indulgence, was allowed to retain the privilege. The curate of St. John de Vignes was also called the Priest-Cardinal; and there are other instances of the perpetuation of the name in different parts of Christendom.



It was not always that the simple *Esto Cardinalis* constituted the sum of the creation. It happened in later times that the act of conferring the dignity, with its insignia, on the new recipients was performed at the Papal Palace, and was accompanied by a mass of minutely ordered ceremonial, which rendered it one of the most pompous and gorgeous scenic performances of the Roman church and court. "The social portion, as," according to Mr. Trollope, "it may be called, of the ceremonial attendant on the creation of a Cardinal, in which the city and all its inhabitants are concerned, is as pompous and as much regulated by a whole code of traditional uses and customs, as the more purely ecclesiastical part of the business. The making of presents and payment of fees to persons of all sorts and conditions, from the high and reverend officials of the Curia to the Cardinal's lackeys, makes a great part of it. And the amount of all these payments is minutely regulated. Great illuminations take place in the city—or used to take place before the Italian Government took possession of Rome, for the Church now considers herself to be under eclipse, and all exterior pomp and magnificence are suppressed—and especially in the facade of the new dignitary's palace. Bands of music parade the city, and are especially stationed before the residences of the foreign ministers. The new Cardinal opens his palace for a great full-dress reception, where all who have a decent coat, and especially all strangers, are welcomed. These are great and noted occasions—or, as again we must say, used to be—for the display of the diamonds and toilettes of the Roman patrician ladies."

The maximum number of Cardinals, with the twofold significance which has been already mentioned, was fixed at seventy by a bull of Pope Sixtus V., in 1585; and although by common consent of authorities upon the subject, no canonical disability exists to prevent the Pope from going beyond the number of seventy at his discretion, it remains a fact in history, that it has never been exceeded. The same bull also provided that the seventy of the Sacred College should consist of six Cardinal-bishops, fifty Cardinal-priests, and fourteen Cardinal-deacons.

The six Cardinal-bishops are the bishops of the sees lying immediately around Rome. The fifty Cardinal-priests take their titles from the principal churches in Rome, but there are many bishops or archbishops of distant sees, and four must be, by regulation, members—usually the "generals"—of the monastic orders. The fourteen deacons take their titles from the "deaconries," established in the earliest ages of the Church for the assistance and protection of the widows and orphans of the faithful. The same bull of Sixtus V., which is known and cited as *Postquam*, and which bears the date of the 3rd of December of its year of issue, further decreed that if any person created a Cardinal were not in deacon's orders at least, he was to receive the same within a year from the date of his appointment. But dispensations have

not been unknown in the annals of the Cardinalate, in virtue of which that dignity has been held for many years by men who were not in so much as deacon's orders. A Cardinal, however, who might happen to be in a laic or non-clerical position at the time of the Pope's death, could not enter the conclave or give his vote in the election of a new Pope, unless he immediately took orders as a preliminary and essential qualification.

With regard to this election of the Pope as a *peculium* of the Cardinalate it has been asserted by voices not very benevolently disposed towards the Sacred College, that the assumption is in perfect consistency with every other portion of the history of the institution, having been attained by a long series of encroachments, which have gradually eliminated the originally democratic constitution of the Church.

The Popes were at first chosen by the whole body of the faithful, then by the whole body of the clergy, then by the Cardinals with the consent of the clergy, and ultimately, absolutely and exclusively by the Cardinals alone. That the mode of election has passed through these phases is not to be disputed, although it is extremely difficult, to trace the chronological details of the changes. The absoluteness of the right of a Cardinal to enter conclave with his brethren and to vote for the new Pope is sufficiently affirmed; and he is not to be deprived of it by any declaration of the late Pope or deposition by him.

The connection of the Cardinals with certain special sees and churches in and around Rome, which at first was maintained pretty closely, as offering one of the most effective sanctions for the existence of the College, presently became nominal and formal; and everything connected with the selection of them depended entirely on the will of the Pontiff, although when once created, as has just been illustrated, they had certain inalienable prerogatives. The limits which might be supposed to have bounded the field from which the Pope could select the objects of his favour became constantly enlarged. Of the arbitrariness of the Pope's selection, and the latitude which he allowed himself in its exercise, the annals of the Sacred College offer numberless instances more or less flagrant on account of their unjust and unreasonable favouritism. Mr. Trollope has collected a few out of the scattered multitude; and they are pertinent enough to our purpose to justify their citation.

Clement VI., in 1348, created his nephew, Peter Roger, cardinal at the age of seventeen. Sixtus IV., in 1477, created John of Arragon, cardinal at the age of fourteen, and at the same time his nephew Raffaele Riario who was seventeen. Innocent VIII. (1492), created Giovanni de Medici, afterwards Leo X., cardinal at fourteen, his sufficiently youthful Eminence having been Apostolic Prothonotary ever since he was seven. Ippolite d'Esté had been an archbishop for nine years previously, when Alexander VI.

created him cardinal in his seventeenth year. Alfred of Portugal was made cardinal by Leo X. when he was seven years old, on condition, however, that he should not assume the outward insignia of the dignity till he should be fourteen. The same Pontiff made John of Lorraine cardinal at twenty, Alexander VI. having previously made him coadjutor of the Bishop of Metz at four years old. Clement VII. made Odet di Coligny cardinal at twelve. Paul III., Farnese (1549), created his nephew Alexander Farnese cardinal at fourteen, his grandson Guido Ascanio Sforza, the son of his daughter, Costanza, at sixteen; his cousin Niccolò Gaetani, at twelve; his relative Giulio Feltrè della Rovere, at eleven; and a second grandson, Ranuccio Farnese, at fifteen, having made him Archbishop of Naples the year before. Paul also created Charles of Lorraine, brother of Mary Queen of Scots, cardinal at twenty-two, although he had a brother in the Sacred College at the time, which is contrary to the constitutions and the decree of one of the Pope's predecessors. Sixtus V. (1590), a great reformer of abuses, made his nephew Alexander Peretti, cardinal at fourteen. Paul V. (1621), created Maurice of Savoy cardinal at fourteen, Carlo de Medici at nineteen, and Ferdinand of Austria at ten. Clement XII. (1740) made Luigi di Borboni, Archbishop of Toledo and cardinal at the age of eight. And lastly, Pius VII. (1823), created a second Luigi di Borboni, the son of the above-mentioned Archbishop of Toledo, cardinal at twenty-three. The list of such creations might be much extended; but the foregoing will suffice for an article which does not at present profess to set forth the *personal* curiosities of the Cardinalate so much as the characteristics which attach to it as an institution or corporation. The names above given have this in common—that they are all beaded together on the same thread of caprice, nepotism, and other favouritism, and exemplify the same scandal of at least the unfitness of prematurity.

It has already been seen that the maximum number of Cardinals was fixed at seventy by Pope Sixtus V., before the publication of whose bull *Postquam*, the number of the Sacred College was extremely variable. John XXII, on being requested in 1331 to make two French cardinals, replied that there were only twenty cardinals' hats, that seventeen of these were already French, and that he could, therefore, only make one more. At the death of Clement VI., (1352) the Cardinals determined that their number should not exceed twenty. Urban VI. (1389) created a great number; and we find the College making representations to Pius II. (1464) to the effect that the dignity of the purple was diminished by such excess. Sixtus IV. (1484), however, multiplied the number of his creations to an unexampled extent; and Alexander VI. (1503) more than followed the precedent which Sixtus had set him. Leo X. created thirty-one Cardinals at one batch, leaving at his death sixty-five, a number which, previously to his time,

had never been attained. Paul III. nevertheless, created seventy-one; whilst Paul IV. (1559) sought to counteract or to circumscribe the prodigality of his predecessor by the issue of the bull called *Compactum*, by which it was decreed that the Cardinals should never exceed forty. In the face of this decree, his immediate successor Pius IV. (1565) raised the number to forty-six. In 1590 came the final settlement at seventy, a settlement which, as has been said, and incidentally repeated, was effected by Pope Sixtus V.

The Cardinals, therefore, owe their appointment solely to the Pope; and they have for many centuries been taken in part from all the great Christian nations of Europe, whilst even the United States of America have lately added their New World contingent. Nevertheless, it is the fact that the number of cardinals of Italian blood or nationality has always preponderated.

There are, or have been for the last four centuries, frequently, if not generally, more Cardinals than those so accredited before the world. Various causes occasionally arose to lead a Pontiff to deem it inexpedient to declare publicly the person whom it was his design to create a Cardinal. The first Pope who adopted this method of secret creation was Martin V., who, with his successors, until the adoption of a more arbitrary practice by Paul III., took the members of the Sacred College into his confidence, only with a strict injunction that they should not divulge the names, so reserved, of their colleagues designate. At the time of the death of Martin V., an event which took place in the year 1431, he left four Cardinals thus undeclared, in whose favour he is said to have exacted an oath from the other Cardinals that they would recognize them in case of his decease. When the Pope died, they refused to record this recognition which they had so solemnly undertaken, and the Popes have never since been so posthumously powerful as to ensure the admission to the Sacred College of persons whose creation has been left by their deaths in this inchoate condition. Sometimes the College has recognized such embryonic dignitaries, and has admitted them to the conclaves, that is, to the place where the Cardinals assemble for the election of a new Pope, or, the body of the Cardinals assembled for that purpose. In other cases, the incoming Pope has re-created the Cardinals, so incompletely developed, by a more valid and indefeasible process; as an act of grace, and out of respect to the wishes and the memory of his predecessor. It follows that, when such a sentiment has been at zero—for anger is not unknown to celestial minds—the candidate Cardinals have altogether lost the intended promotion.

The change which Paul III. introduced consisted in confining the secret of the unpublished nominations to his own breast, instead of confiding the knowledge of them to the College of Cardinals, under such obligations to secrecy as Martin V. and other Popes of his way of thinking had seen fit to impose upon them. The reservation of Paul III. was called a reservation *in*

*pectore*, known popularly, and in the more current Italian form, as *in petto*. His practice was, and that of his successors has been, to add to the form of proclamation in consistory, *Alios duos* (or other number), *in pectore reservamus arbitrio nostro quando-cumque declarandos*. When the appointment of a future Cardinal is announced by the Pope in consistory, with the name reserved *in petto*, it is now the custom to make such name public at a subsequent consistory. The actual appointment, in the case of ecclesiastics residing in Rome, proceeds as follows, with such external accidents of pompous and social celebration as have already been indicated. On a day named, the candidate goes to the Papal palace, and receives from the Pope the red biretta; afterwards, in a public consistory, at the close of an imposing ceremonial, the Pope places upon his head the famous red hat. In a second consistory he "closes his mouth" (*os claudit*)—that is, forbids him at present to speak at meetings of Cardinals; in a third, he "opens his mouth,"—that is, he removes the former prohibition, giving him at the same time a ring, and assigning to him his "title." If the candidate is absent, being prevented by just cause from visiting Rome at that time, the red biretta is sent to him; and on receiving it he is bound to make oath that he will, within a year, visit the tombs of the Apostles.

With regard to the shutting and the opening of the mouth of a newly-created Cardinal, Mr. Trollope remarks that "like almost everything else connected with the subject this form had once a real significance; but has become a mere meaningless formality. Some reasonable time was originally allowed to elapse before the Pontiff in one consistory formally pronounced the mouth to be opened which he had declared to be closed in a previous consistory. Now, the form of opening is pronounced within a few minutes of the form of closing. As may be readily understood the Cardinal whose mouth was closed could not speak or vote in any assembly of the Cardinals; but only hear. When it has occurred that a Cardinal has been left at the death of a Pope with closed mouth, the College has usually empowered one of their number to open the mouth of the Cardinal so circumstanced. But it is a great mistake to suppose, as many have imagined, that a Cardinal whose mouth remained closed was ineligible to the Papal throne. For not only any such Cardinal, but any person whatever, clerk or lay, not being an avowed heretic, and not labouring under any canonical impediment to holy orders, is perfectly eligible as Pope."

To sum up it may be said that the duties of Cardinals are of two kinds. There are, first, those which devolve on them while the Pope is living; and, secondly, those which they have to discharge when the Holy See is vacant. As to the first, it may be said in summary that they consist in taking an active part in the government of the Roman Church throughout the world; for although, the Pope is in no way bound to defer to the opinions of the Sacred

College, in practice he seldom, if ever, takes an important step without their counsel and concurrence. Such a school in the science and art of government in all its forms as the College of Cardinals exists, perhaps, nowhere else in the world. They are brought into immediate contact with the various peculiarities of national character, the prejudices and cherished aims of dynasties, the conservatism that, with more or less intelligence, supports, and the communism that, with more or less wickedness, undermines the fabric of Christian Society. In the various congregations of which they are members, they acquire the art of management in detail of the vast and complicated concerns of their wide-embracing communion. "Hence," say their apologists, "flow that largeness of temper, that breadth of view, that readiness to drop the accidental if only the essential be maintained, that conciliatory bearing, and that antique courtesy, by which the finest specimens of Cardinal-ambassadors have always been distinguished."

FRANK SEAFIELD.

### ON THE PHOTOGRAPH OF A CHILD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STORY OF S. STEPHEN."

DEAR youthful face! whose never setting smile  
Has often sunned me in the gloomy hour;  
How can a child the more mature beguile?  
Or simple artlessness possess such power?  
'Tis strange that thou whose years upon this earth  
Have been so few, in that brief span hast gained  
A look that emanates from well-tried worth,  
From minds by life-work disciplined and trained.  
What do those imaged lineaments express?  
How do they strike the keen observer's sense?  
A woman's earnest depth of tenderness,  
A solid mind of bright intelligence.  
No musings that are flippant, mean, or vain,  
The calm, unruffled surface underlie;  
Clear dwells the power to gather and retain,  
Sense to discriminate and reason to apply.  
'Tis not one quality of heart or mind  
Which forms that look so earnest and intent,  
But many varied attributes combined  
In one long gaze at mingled sweetness blent.  
Thus fifty chosen notes in music's range  
In one delightful harmony unite;  
Thus varying hues in concord still more strange  
Merge, as they meet, in one pure ray of light.

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NOTE.—The power of photographs in occasionally revealing qualities beneath the surface, the under-currents of character, is singularly borne out in this case.



## MOONBEAM.

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### I.

SAILING stately through the sky,  
Wrapt in fleecy, mystic white:  
Queen of Heav'n! you look, think I,  
Like my Love the other night.

### II.

It was at a Fancy Ball.  
There were "water nymphs" in green,  
Glittering "Knights" with figures tall,  
Wee "Titania's" scarcely seen.

### III.

"Amy Robsarts," "Robin Hoods,"  
"Witching "Mädchen," "Flower-girls,"  
"Raleighs," wild "Elves" from the woods,  
"Judges" in their floating curls.

### IV.

Such a motley crowd was there,  
Faith! my eyes were blinded quite;  
All seemed whirling, dazzling, fair,  
Never was there gayer sight.

### V.

Just as I had calmer grown,  
Something snow-white flitted past;  
Had a silver "Sea-gull" flown  
By me? It went quite as fast.

### VI.

Looking for the vanished sprite,  
Winding in and out I swear,  
Fleecy clouds went curling right  
Through the rainbow-tints, to where—

### VII.

Straining with my vision's might,  
Round again the bright thing came,  
But before I'd caught the light,  
Off it floated just the same.

### VIII.

But one ray of beauty rare  
Fell across my heart; then quick  
Blaz'd my soul in one big flare,  
Leaving me—a swain love-sick.

## IX.

Giddy, stunned, I shut my eyes,  
Consciousness forsook me soon ;  
When I next was going to rise,  
Towards me sail'd a bright New Moon.

## X.

It was made of Diamonds,  
Set upon a head of gold,  
Touch'd by magic Fairy wands,  
Drap'rous clouds did her enfold.

## XI.

Then I knew 'twas "Moonbeam's" ray,  
Had in me enkindled love.  
'Twas as if some mystic sway  
Chain'd me while she sail'd above.

## XII.

For I felt on viewing her now  
She was far beyond my reach.  
She could ne'er my suit allow,  
Tho' I might with tears beseech.

## XIII.

Humbl'd into dark despair,  
Scarce I heard, or saw, or felt ;  
Only rush'd out for fresh air ;  
In the dark I prostrate knelt.

## XIV.

"If a worthless soul can rise  
Unto heights before unknown,  
Make me worthy in her eyes,  
Make me sharer of her throne.

## XV.

"Well I know I am not fit  
Her white veil's pure hem to touch,  
But when two are closely knit,  
Each grows like the other much.

## XVI.

"So, if she could stoop to love,  
My soul, too, might one day gleam ;  
Fir'd with *her* light from above,  
Mine would shine with steadfast beam."

## XVII.

Gentle breezes touch'd my hair,  
Cool'd my brow, my lips, my brain ;  
Then soft spirits of the air,  
Soothing, sang this sweet refrain.

## SONG.

" Child of Earth,  
 If thou would'st be  
 Of Earth's stains  
 And fetters free,  
 Cast the Knight's  
 True armour on,  
 Break the spell——  
 The victory's won.

Up, and mount with knightly air,  
 Faint heart ne'er won Ladye fair;  
 Art thou sighing for the moon?  
 Up, and be a conqueror soon.

Ladye fair,  
 Conqueror soon,  
 Knightly air,  
 Lovely Moon,  
 For her sake,  
 Ladye fair,  
 Up, and take  
 Every care."

## XVIII.

Fresh inspir'd with hope I flew.  
 Like a rolling, surging wave,  
 At her feet myself I threw ;  
 " Ladye, I would be thy slave.

## XIX.

" Take me, mould me, make me bright,  
 With more beams from thy soft light ;  
 Only do not bid me go,  
 For my whole being loves thee so."

## XX.

Gentle touch of finger tips,  
 Silv'ry accents falling low,  
 Sweetest words from sweetest lips,  
 " No, I bid thee stay."——And so

## XXI.

Queen of Heav'n ! you look, think I,  
 Like my Love the other night ;  
 Shedding brightness o'er the sky,  
 Veil'd in mystic, fleecy white.

META E. BARROW.

## TWO STRINGS TO A BOW.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OUR PRIMA DONNA," "ON THE NILGHIRIS," &c.

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WHEN, upon New Year's Eve of 184-- young Carnegie ventured to predict at mess that before Valentine's Day there would be an awful split between Chermshire and Lloyd of Ours, that coming events were casting their shadows before them, and that he saw plainly enough a row brewing in the horizon, this portending ensign was directed "to hold his jaw" "to shut up sharp," and not to air his musty proverbs over the Château Lafitte, spoiling the delicate bouquet of that precious wine. What! Dicky Chermshire and Bertie Lloyd—Damon and Pythias; the Siamese Twins, as we were wont to call them—split! Two such old and fast friends quarrel! *Credat Judæus Apella*, said one of us. At the Greek Kalends, maybe, observed another; while Major Penrose, our commanding officer who had lately rejoined from a residence among the sabotiers and oyster dredgers of Cancale, and whose French accent savoured strongly of Cockaigne, exclaimed, "Break with each other! *Mong Dew jamay, so tazée vous toot sweet, peeteet ongfang.*"

But present unlikelihood of a rupture notwithstanding, it did come to pass that Carnegie proved a true prophet, for before the fourteenth of February these hitherto brothers-in-arms literally and metaphorically, were dead cuts, were vowing vengeance the one against the other, and were seeking, with hair-trigger duelling pistols in their hands, to take the lives they had over and over again sworn to sell their own for.

Ere, however, I enter into the why and wherefore of this sudden metamorphosis from amity to hatred, it will interest the reader to know what regiment of Queen Victoria's service Ours was, and where, at the time of which I tell, fate and the Horse Guards had stationed it.

"Ours," happened to be one of the West Indian battalions, then composed of African negroes *pur sang*, and not degenerated, as it is now-a-days, into a mongrel corps of Jamaica, Barbadoes, Bahamas, and other "half-bred" blacks. At a somewhat distant epoch, "Ours" had rejoiced in the title of Royal, but that honorary epithet had been discontinued, and the corps was now known by its numeral only. "Ours" in the forties was not dressed as French *Jew-Haves* (nigger English for Zouaves), but wore the

claw hammer scarlet coatee, the top-heavy chaco, and the garotte or stock. "Ours" was a good, useful, loyal legion, and had seen hard service in the Ashantee campaigns. So well pleased was Lord Wolseley with its pluck on the Gold Coast in the war of 1873-4, that it is said—take note that I write *said*, and that I will not vouch for the statement—that he begged the Duke to have it christened, "Garnet Wolseley's Own Particular Pet Pepper-Pots," but His Royal Highness objected, observing emphatically that the name was a precious deal too long, and that in action Koffee Kalcalli or any other King's troops would be down upon the men, and exterminate every mother's son of them, before the word could be given "Garnet Wolseley's Own Particular Pet Pepper-Pots,\* up Black Guards and At 'em!" Lastly, in Ours Chermiside and Lloyd were subaltern officers, and were serving with Head Quarters, in that Gehenna of a station—Free Town Sierra Leone.

I have been recently informed that in this year of grace, there are worse places to be, to do, and to suffer in than the chief town of the Lions' Mountains; that it has become a nice, clean, tidy, healthy little city, with a native population neither so thoroughly niggerly, nude and nidorous as it was when my lines were cast there. Well, I am pleased to learn this, for in the days when I went soldiering in the colony, a long time ago, Bulam Fever—own brother to Yellow Jack—devastated the whole settlement. Free Town was an *olla-podrida* jumble of wretched hovels and pretentious houses cheek-by-jowl in the streets, and Messieurs and Mesdames of the sable race generally were considered to be sufficiently dressed, for all practical purposes, when their heads were encased in caps of dried clay, their loins girded with minute scraps of cotton cloth, and their bodies lavishly anointed with rancid palm oil. "They have changed all that, of your antediluvian time, dear old fogey," added my newsmonger; "the *pauperum tabernas* have nearly disappeared, if even the *regumque turres* have not yet cropped up. Clay!—cotton!—palm oil! God bless me, what are you dreaming about? Why, man, Young Africa masculine struts about in tweeds, broad cloth, tall hats and masher collars; his womenkind import their costumes from Liberty Marshall and Snelgrove, and other fashionable London emporiums, while Piesse and Lubin, Rimmel, and Pears stock the stores with their essences and soaps. Moreover, several disciples of Dr. Richardson have visited the locality, and have so improved it, that the white man has some chance of existence in what was, fifty years ago, his certain grave.

But as at the date of my story these ameliorations had not been effected, as owing to the fatality of the climate a European gentle-

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\* For the benefit of the uninitiated gourmand, Pepper-Pot is a dainty West Indian soup, fit to set before a king.

man was then a somewhat rare specimen of the genus homo, and a European lady a decided curiosity—we were of all shades of complexion, from unmistakable black to pale copper or whitey brown—it may well be conceived what excitement and interest prevailed on all sides when, upon one December morning, it was announced that on board the good ship Harmattan, just anchored in the river from Gravesend, there had come a lady, young, unmarried, pretty, and with not the least infinitesimal touch of the tar-brush in her whole organization. Every one was instantly upon the *qui vive*. All the bachelors, and I regret to add some of the erratic married men, hurried down to the Commissariat wharf to get a squint at this phenomenon of a white swan, our *rara avis in terris*, as she landed, and amongst the eager ones were Chermiside and Lloyd, who rushed from Tower Hill Barracks, closely linked arm-in-arm, a highly friendly Siamese-like mode of progression, but an unpleasantly hot one, with the thermometer at boiling point.

Presently the Captain's gig rowed ashore and from under the awning in the stern sheets there stepped a damsel, who more than justified the flowery description which had preceded her. She was tall, slight and singularly graceful; her feet, which, as she ascended the ladder of the wharf, peeped from under her robe, were seen to be of the smallest and most delicate, and her hands, daintily gloved in Paris kids—the ladies of the soil seldom wore anything but white Berlins—matched the feet in shapely diminutiveness. Her face was simply lovely; every feature in itself a model for a sculptor's chisel; eyes, violet blue, bright and sparkling; mouth, small and well cut; lips, rubies; teeth, pearls; ears, tiny pink shells, &c., &c., &c., according to the stereotyped fashion of description. From under a broad-rimmed straw hat trimmed with dainty ribbons there fell a profusion of rich auburn hair, and her dress, which was of some light summer fabric, was evidently the work of some cunning modiste and fitted her figure to perfection. But that which charmed us most of all to look upon was her clear fresh rosy complexion; it presented such a marked contrast to the sickly, sombre, not to say sooty, type of the women-kind we were accustomed to ride, to drive, to dance, and to flirt with.

Captain Tomkins of the Harmattan, under whose paternal care she had come out, introduced us generally to her as Miss Mabel Strickland, adding in an undertone, as if speaking to himself, "A likely craft enough, messmates; well-built, well-rigged, and only wants an honest and lovingly careful skipper to sail the sea of life with, smoothly and pleasantly." Then putting her into his buggy, he drove her to the village of Kissy, upon the banks of the river, where old Mrs. Jolliffe, who had imported her—pardon the word "imported"—resided.

That same evening there happened to be a large gathering at



mess, and Miss Strickland was, of course, fully and freely discussed *more militario*. I am not going to disclose what this man or that man said in respect to her; all that I intend to reveal is, that one and all present agreed that so delicate a Desdemona, with a skin whiter than snow and (presumably) smoother than monumental alabaster, should not be allowed to fall to the wedded lot of any Othello of the place, Penrose, chiming in as usual with his "mong Dew, jamay." Then we began to cast about which one of our fellows, or of the very few and far between "pale faces" of the mercantile community, ought to carry her off as his bride. After some laughing and chaffing and a good deal of red wine quaffing, it was settled that Dick Cherm-side ought to be the fortunate Benedict. He was good-looking—our show man, in point of fact—had a little money, and held a staff appointment in the garrison. So we advised him to go in at once and win the African Lily, as we then and there named Miss Mabel.

He blushed, not celestial rosy red, but the colour of a deep scarlet geranium, smiled and said,

"Well, gentlemen, I might, in truth, do worse. Miss Strickland is a remarkably pretty girl, seems nice, and might make a fellow a very charming wife. If I act up to your suggestions don't be surprised; meantime, I'll drink her very good health in a bumper of Burgundy."

Greatly to our astonishment, Lloyd, instead of chiming in with the humour of the thing, and wishing his *alter ego* success in his wooing, grew rusty, and observed "that it was all 'rot'; that we were settling matters a deuced deal too hastily; that Dick Cherm-side was not one iota better acquainted with Miss Strickland than he himself; that in the question of who and who she should marry, the young lady and not a riotous, half-screwed mess, was the proper person to decide, and that we were a rude, rough-cast set, running considerably out of the groove of officers and gentlemen." Whereupon Seton, our surgeon—not a very polished sort of the genus *Medico*—called out from the bottom end of the table, "Spoons it is, Lloyd; spoons, by Jove. It does not require my stethoscope to diagnose that incipient heart affection of yours, my boy, nor the tendency to that same disease in you, Cherm-y. But *Arcades Ambo!* what are you going to do? Toss up for the girl, say I; or, much happier thought, as you have had everything in common for many a year, make her Mrs. Cherm-side and Lloyd, or Mrs. Lloyd and Cherm-side, it does not matter under what pnenomen the partnership runs. *Rarò vaga virgo pudica est*, which quotation I'll translate freely for your benefit as thus, 'The young woman who comes to this beastly hole is not likely to be over particular.' Besides, as Atropos, in the shape of fever, stands ready to cut the thread of a poor white devil's existence here at a moment's notice, two husbands may be more advantageous to Miss What-do-ye-call-her than one only."

Then Lloyd, with his dander riz, up and said,

"Reserve your dog Latin, doctor, for your worthless prescriptions, and take your vicious, uncivilized, heathen ideas to the polyandrous tribes of the Nilghiri Hills, if you know whereabouts they are," and he left the mess-room in a rage, we who remained sending a roar of laughter after him.

Now Kissy—it is no fictitious name coined by me—is but a short ride from Free Town, and to it presently hied all Society, to pay its devoirs to Miss Strickland. It went, did Society, in couples and threes, but it was noticed that neither Chermiside nor Lloyd, in their first or subsequent visits, were seen together. One slipped out and was off while the other was not looking, so to speak; and that other never mounted his pony, and cantered away, until his negro servant announced that "T'other Massa come 'ome again, sar, road all clare now for Kissy Kissy."

Thus did these alternating interviews continue for some little time, with what effect upon Mabel no one exactly knew, but with unquestionably this result upon our Siamese Twins, that both gradually stretched the band of friendship by which they had been hitherto so tightly bound together, stretched it more and more every day, stretched it continually until at last its elasticity could bear no further strain, and it snapped asunder. How could it do otherwise than snap, when there was a young, pretty and fascinating maiden, who possibly enough was whispering to herself "*Que d'être femme et non pas coqueter*," acting as the motive power of the stretch.

The tenth of February was always kept as a *dia-di-festa* in Ours, but why, I fail to recollect. This year of 184—, we celebrated it with a ball, at which every one was present, and need it be said The Lily. That this fair flower was the acknowledged belle and loadstar of the evening goes without saying, and being so it was strange how little she danced. She sat in a cosy corner of a room, drinking in the deliciously cool land breeze which blew from the Sugar Loaf Mountain, and on her right was planted Chermiside, on her left Lloyd. Now and again she took a turn in a waltz with one or the other of these gentlemen, and while she was so engaged he who held her in his arms seemed to be in the seventh heaven, while he who was "left out in the cold," scowled, ground his teeth, clenched his fist and appeared as if he wished his rival down among the dead men in Hades? Miss Mabel Strickland, *per contra*, did not outwardly at least exhibit the slightest show of preference for Dick or for Bertie; she received their attentions equally, and to lookers upon the amusing little game, manifested, as plainly as A B C, that she was thinking with Captain Macheath "How happy could I be with either, were t'other dear *spooney* away."

I am afraid that Mabel Strickland, aged nineteen, had already learnt to conjugate the verb "to flirt," and had also read or

been told that there was no law in England or its colonies preventing a lady from having two strings to her bow.

So with this trio of personages of my story things went on until supper, to which repast Mabel had promised to be conducted by Lloyd. But when the band struck up the "Roast Beef of Old England," and the mess butler, a Congo negro, entering, announced that "ebery ting ready for yam-yam" (eating), Chermiside jumped up, took the gloved hand of Miss Strickland, placed it without resistance within his arm, and walked off with her triumphantly.

For a short instant or two Lloyd remained fixed to his chair flabbergasted, then saying to himself "What confounded cheek," sprang from it and followed the pair into the hall, from which, however, he soon reappeared, and seeing me mooning in the verandah, came up and addressed me,

"Fothergill," said he, "you are a man of the world and a good fellow to boot. Now, tell me! did you ever in your life know anything more like the act of a cad,"—he said d——, but let that pass—"than Chermiside's conduct just now?"

"Apropos of what, Lloyd?—and why all this excitement?"

"This. I settle with Mabel Strickland to take her in to supper. Just as I am on the point of doing so, up springs that fellow"—again he prefixed the d———"and skedaddles with her."

"Nothing loth, perhaps, Lloyd," I interpose.

"Decidedly loth, if I am any judge of a woman's expression or manner. Well, sir, I follow, with the full intention of pitching into the beggar, and my intention is soon carried into action. Chermiside leaves Mabel's side to get her something from the buffet.

My first idea was to jump into his vacant chair and to let him fight for re-possession, but as that would have been too demonstrative, I burked it and took another line. I dogged him to the sideboard, where he was busy slicing a pine. 'Lieutenant Chermiside,' said I, 'a word in your ear. Permit me to tell you, sir, that you are a snob. I'll make it stronger if you like and prefix the adjective infernal to the substantive snob; and I add too, without the slightest reservation, that you are a disgrace to the service generally and to this regiment specially. Being a cad, sir, you behaved just now as such.'

"What!" I remarked, "you made use of all that strong, vulgar, unparliamentary language to a brother-officer, and to the man you have so often told me was your dearest friend, and to serve whom you would go through fire and water?"

"Yes, Fothergill, I did."

"W-h-e-w! Then you have put your foot in it and no mistake, Lloyd."

"I don't care one ——"

Just at this word one, lo and behold Chermiside himself stood beside us. Lloyd burst out again,

"I tell you once more, Mr. Chermside, and in Doctor Fothergill's presence, that——"

"No, no!" I interrupted, "don't say anything or ask anything while I am here, please; go and say your says and ask your questions in any place where I can't hear them. I am deaf, Lloyd; the big drum thumping away at the British Army quadrilles in the ball room has broken my tympanum, and—I forgot to tell you before—I have got night blindness and can't see. I always get sleepy too, early in the evening, so good night, I'm off to bed."

Lloyd took not the slightest notice of my excuses to get out of ear shot and eye sight. He grasped my arm tightly, "fixed" me, and resumed,

"I demand to know, Mr. Chermside, why you stepped between me and the young lady to whom I was engaged, and sneaked off with her."

"Barkis—I should say Miss Mabel—was willing."

"It's false, sir, false as pandemonium. So I repeat, in Doctor Fothergill's presence, that you are a cad; a low, unmitigated cad, a blot upon 'Ours,' and the sooner you leave it, the happier we shall be."

"Stay, Mr. Lloyd," rejoined Chermside, quite cool and collected, "it is a waste of breath to give utterance a second time to your most objectionable epithets towards me; once was quite sufficient, indeed, somewhat too much. As your senior officer I might now put you under arrest and send you to your quarters."

"Pooh!"

"I might report you to Major Penrose, have you tried by a general court martial, and smashed."

"Bosh, sir, utter bosh."

"Or I might even go to John Wilberforce, the magistrate, and charge you with inciting me to a breach of the peace."

"Yes, and stamp coward upon your character, in addition to its other undesirable idiosyncracies. I defy you to do that."

"But," Chermside continued, "I shall not adopt any one of these three courses. I shall call you out and shoot you, if I can. Be good enough to refer me to a friend with whom my friend can co-operate."

"Doctor Fothergill, here, he will act for me."

"The deuce he will! No, Lloyd, he will *not*. Doctors are non-combatants according to regulation, and being so, I do not want even to see this fight. Besides, upon my word, I know nothing of fire-arms, and can scarcely recognise the barrel of a pistol from its stock."

Lloyd said "Humbug," and kept on repeating "Fothergill, Dr. Fothergill, Assistant Surgeon Fothergill, will act for me. Mr. Chermside, send any one you please to him; Beelzebub, if you like; he can be easily come upon in this land of blackies."

Then he quitted the ball premises, and walked to his own quarters, where I followed him with the full intention of smoothing him down, or failing that, of separating myself from the hostile meeting, now inevitable. In the former issue my reasonings were utterly futile; in the latter—well, he talked me over and as a brother-officer, I consented to see him through, warning him, however, that I should endeavour to settle matters without powder and shot if feasible. In this settling I reckoned without my host, for Chermiside's friend, an Irish naval officer, who was soon in confab with me, was a terrible fire-eater, to whose ear the click of the hammer of a pistol was the sweetest and softest of dulcet tones.

"I have no stomach for this fight, O'Halloran," said I. "Your principal was wrong, but mine, I confess, infinitely more so."

"Be jabus, right ye are, *Dochter Fothergill*," he answered.

"Let us make both of them eat humble pie and apologize."

"As regards my man, once for all, niver. He has been injured intirely by your principal."

"Well, then," and here I lowered my voice to a whisper, "I have a suggestion to make to you. A full charge of gunpowder, and a wee pellet of white wax in each pistol will make all the desired noise, but result in no danger to either party, at ten paces or nearer."

"Be gorrah, surr, what do ye mane; oi fail to understand ye. It will be the business of yours thruly to look to the instruoments, and oi'll take good care that no thricks are played wid 'em. Powder and wax! what the divil to ye think that lead was made for?"

So seeing that even a patched-up peace was impossible, we, or rather the Irish man-o'-war's man, proceeded to arrange the time and place of battle.

"Ye know the clarin' (clearing) in the bush at the soide of yon hill behoind the barracks?" he asked.

"Yes, perfectly," I replied.

"My man and oi will be there at dayloight to-morrow, sharp."

"Very well," said I, "I'll bring my principal."

"Thin our palaver is over, good-noight to ye." And I heard him say, as he closed my door, "Hang the obstructive Sawbones, he wanted to spile sport wid his confounded ointment stuff, whoite wax, indeed."

I did not sleep that night. I was much too fidgety and anxious to close my eyes, but O'Halloran, I know, "turned in" and took "straight off the reel," four or five hours of "nature's sweet restorer," as quietly and composedly as if he had been in his state room aboard his frigate, and she bowling along with a fair wind and a smooth sea.

In fear and trembling, when daylight came, I rode with Lloyd to the clearing in the bush, and in that clearing we waited and waited and waited, with a case of duelling pistols on the stump of

a tree, until the sun got high, and insolation was in every ray of it. Neither Chermiside nor O'Halloran made their appearance. What could have detained them? We speculated on all sorts and conditions of events, some not very creditable to their courage, then seeing no use in remaining longer, we made tracks homeward.

Just as we were entering the barrack gates, our antagonists hove in sight from another road. They also had passed some hours of anxious longing for our coming, had at last given us up, and turned their faces to quarters, the Irishman, as I afterwards learnt, anathematizing me liberally in strange nautical oaths, strongly flavoured with the brogue. Now the why and wherefore of the *non rencontre* rested upon the fact, that in that indicated bush there were two spots opened by the axe—one to the right, the other to the left. To the former Lloyd and I went by no intentional error, I swear; to the latter, Chermiside and O'Halloran sped, also in perfect honesty of purpose—trust O'H. for that—but between the four of us, there was a thick forest, and a Mamelon of a hill a couple of hundred feet high. For all purposes of the *duello*, one party might just as well have been at Cape Coast Castle and the other at the Isles de Los.

I shall never forget the sea-faring gentleman's rage when presently he and I met for explanations, and how he tried to saddle me with the whole blame. "Ye should have gone to the lift hand and not to the roight, surr; oi made it as plain as a pike-staff; when me principal has done wid yours, oi'll be expicting that ye will honour meself wid a mating."

"Not if I know it, Lieutenant O'Halloran," I replied. "This business over, I'll take good care that I am never lugged into another, "mong Dew, jamay," as my Major would put it; but being unhappily in for the present affair, I'll see it through; so name another meeting ground for this evening, at five-o'clock." And this he did so minutely that its topography was unmistakable.

How Lloyd and the others got through the day I knew not, but for myself—well, I am quite sure that had I been principal instead of second, I should not have felt half so unnerved and bothered. I could not remain in my rooms, so I went down to the military hospital, lounged in its verandah and read, or rather tried to read.

At about three o'clock, my sergeant came to me and said "Plenty flag lib (an African negro always uses the verb "to live" for the verb "to be"), on flag post, sar; young Massa can look, see!"

I did look and beheld a very grand display of bunting flaunting in the strong sea-breeze.

"Frenchman's man-o'-war ships, I sabe, sar," continued the sergeant, "tree colours (tricolor), lib tip-top ober all."

Frenchman's they certainly were, and Gallic swells too, for, shortly, salutes were being fired from the fort and the Commodore's



ship in harbour; "trumpets were sounding, war steeds were bounding," to put it poetically, and the whole garrison was in a state of bustle and excitement to receive with due honours His Royal Highness the Prince de Joinville, who, in his crack frigate, the *Belle Poule*, and with two or three other vessels of the French navy, had, on his way to the Brazils, peeped into Sierra Leone to see the nakedness of the land.

I do not recollect shying up my cap, or shouting, but I do remember saying to myself, "*Ter quaterve beatus sum*, there cannot be any fighting this evening, O'Halloran's best endeavours, notwithstanding." Nor was there; for at that very hour, when Lloyd and Cherm-side should have been levelling the "instruoments" at each other's hearts, and we, the "friends," looking on to see death or wounds fairly meted out, the military elements concerned in the warfare were on parade, and the naval component on board his vessel, superintending the fire of its starboard battery.

Oh, how I blessed that scion of the House of Orleans, how figuratively I hugged to my breast that third son of the King of the French; how silently yet gratefully I thanked him for popping in, at the very nick of time, and saving bloodshed, court-martials, losses of commissions, and goodness knows what. And when I heard, that same evening, that O'Halloran was ordered to the Gambia, was to sail next morning, and that he would not be back amongst us for months, I played such strange fantastic tricks among the *lares* and *penates* of my rooms, that my Eboe boy, catching me, went off and said to his companions "Hi! my king, Massa Doctor Fothergill, gone mad, too much jackass he make self."

After this happy interposition of "Joint o' Veal," as the Sierra Leones chose to call the Prince, there was no more fighting, or even the talkee-talkee of such on the part of our quondam Siamese Twins. A *pax in bello* understanding was established between them; bosom friends they would never be again; indeed, how could they?—but such courtesy as was bound to exist between brother-officers was in public outwardly and visibly shown. As for Miss Mabel Strickland, why, that charming but coquettish young lady, after the news of the row reached her, evinced such a marked predilection for Cherm-side, and so decidedly snubbed Lloyd, that he withdrew from under the light of her countenance, left Kissy and the road to Kissy entirely to his favoured rival, obtained a medical certificate for heart affection, and went to England. Then Cherm-side married, and brought his pretty wife into barracks to adorn and brighten them.

The rainy season of 184- was, as every one recollects, a terribly sickly time. Yellow Jack got amongst us, and did sad, very sad, havoc in our ranks. Poor Dicky Cherm-side was one of its last victims, and some six or eight months after her wedding Mabel was a widow and bade adieu to the colony.

A couple of years or more passed away. I lost my military association with "Ours," and was serving in Jamaica on the Medical Staff.

Walking one day in Port Royal Street, Kingston, who should I stumble upon but Bertie Lloyd, no longer in a West India Regiment, but a captain in the Dashers stationed in the island.

Of course our conversation soon ran to bygone times in Africa.

"You were sorry to hear of Dicky Chermside's death?" said I. "Yes!" he answered, but it struck me that the "yes" sounded uncommonly like "no."

"Do you ever hear anything of Mrs. C.?"

"A very great deal."

"Wife again, or widow still?"

"Oh, wife; there is no mistake about that, Fothergill."

"Indeed! She was awfully fond of poor Dick, and went away from Free Town vowing eternal widowhood. But woman is a fickle and uncertain thing, *too jures*, as old Penrose would have said."

"Come, doctor, I can't allow you to be too hard upon women; be to their faults a little blind. By Jove, *volens volens*, I must be, for I have lately married, and am done for."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, and it happens that just now, my company is in Kingston; come and dine with me this evening in my rooms in barracks, and I'll introduce you to Mrs. Lloyd."

I went, found my host sitting in the piazza, and could just discern, in the dusk, the tall and graceful figure of a lady hanging over him.

"You ought to know me, Dr. Fothergill," she said, as she advanced to shake hands and welcome me. "We were good friends in Sierra Leone."

"Angels and ministers of grace defend me," I exclaimed; "Mabel Strickland!—no, I beg pardon, Mabel Chermside—again your forgiveness—Mrs. Lloyd, by all that's wonderful!"

Yes, so it was! Surgeon Seton's words, on that night at mess, when he advised Chermside and Lloyd both to make Miss Strickland Mrs. C. and Mrs. L. had actually come to pass, but not quite in the way that Medico had talked about.

## A STUDIO IN VENICE.

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LIFE in Venice possesses for an artist—even apart from the endless “subjects” for sketches suggested at every corner of every street, by deserted palaces, by churches, by picturesque shops and stalls, and equally picturesque vendors and purchasers—so many advantages, which life in London distinctly lacks, that there is little ground for wonder in the fact that the Anglo-Venetian colony of artists grows every year more and more numerous. At *restaurant*, at *caffè*, in the Piazza, on the canals, and among the narrow winding streets of the Southern town, one is for ever hearing, as one encounters brethren of the Brush, the accents of that Northern tongue, in which Ruskin first gave utterance to the conviction that at the antipodes of architectural ugliness and beauty stand two European thoroughfares—Gower Street, and the Grand Canal. At the “*Calcina*,” a Venetian restaurant, much frequented at luncheon time by cosmopolitan artists, no little regard is paid, in matters culinary, to insular prejudices and predilections; “*Subito, Signore*,” is the prompt response of smiling waiters of the establishment, as customer after customer, entering, in the form of a *Pittore Inglese*, deals forth orders in a queer jargon of British-Italian, eked out, perhaps, with a few words of unintelligible French.

More than one well-known English artist, who first came to Venice on a visit of days, has ended by establishing himself in the place for years. His new home appears the more happily chosen, for its contrast with the old one in the English capital. There circumstances did their best—or their worst—to baffle his efforts; here they combine to aid him in his art.

The painter, who inhabits a gondola all day, while he works at out-door effects, has comparatively little to fear from the fogs, which, in London, try his powers of patience, and find them wanting. If he is a figure-painter, and if, as is likely to be the case, he chooses as background for a picture the interior of a Venetian church, he is at liberty to pose his models upon the spot, to try the effect, let us say, of a solitary figure, kneeling, in utter self-abandonment, before an image of the Madonna, or to arrange a group of children whose merry faces betray heedlessness of the meaning of their whispered words, as they hurry through a few prayers, around a glimmering lamp, below a crucifix. The priest of the church has only the one stipulation to make, that models and artist should desist from work during mass and vespers; the

Sacristan, with a suavity foreign to the manners of an ordinary English verger, offers to take charge, in the vestry, of canvas and painting paraphernalia, when their owner has done with his tools for the day.

If the artist sets up his easel boldly in a poor quarter of the town—partially blocking a narrow *calle*, and impeding the movements of passengers—he receives from the crowd, who assemble to watch over his shoulder the progress of his sketch of fruit stall, wine shop, curiosity store, what not, a forbearance and a courtesy for which he might search in vain in a correspondingly low quarter of his own metropolis; inquisitive children are waved away by their elders from too close proximity to the canvas of the "*Professore*;" the interest displayed by onlookers is of a friendly and appreciative, rather than an aggressive, order. When, in his anxiety to invest his work with human interest, the artist looks around him for a figure to play a rôle among his cabbages and grapes and smoking potatoes, or beside his quaint wine jugs, whose blue lettered verbal decorations assert capacity to hold a *mezzo litro*, or a *quinto*, or amid his old lamps, pictures, and oddities, he finds, instead of the dinginess and clumsiness which mark the dwellers in London slums, ease and grace in the movements of the men, women, and bare-footed children who surround him, picturesqueness and harmonious colour in their rags, and beauty amid the dirt. From a beggar boy, whose great dark eyes look up at him from beneath a glorious tangle of gold-brown locks, he glances towards an old fisherman, in a worn suit of sun-subdued delicious blue, who is bargaining for hot chestnuts, with a loquacious, red-haired, graceful girl, the turn of whose head recalls some masterpiece of a world-known Venetian master. "*Professore mio, paint me,*" says, with a grin betokening relish of a joke, a sunburnt, wrinkled, old dame, seated in a shop door, a gay coloured cotton handkerchief tied over her head. The Englishman nods acknowledgment of the suggestion; a sense—to put a French phrase into English—of an "embarrassment of riches" comes over him, as he shades his eyes, and concentrates his attention, first on one object, then on another. Unconscious and unprofessional models are everywhere; the difficulty is to choose among them.

When the artist determines—as sooner or later he is pretty sure to determine—to engage a studio in Venice, another point of contrast between London and the Italian town—unfavourable to the former—reveals itself to him. Venetian studios are, with the exception of a charming one, lately built near the *Callè Ragusei*, by a distinguished English painter, small, and when compared with the studios of Rome, Paris, or London, very unpretentious; but they have a great merit, unknown in those capitals: they may be hired at a surprisingly low rent. Twenty francs a month will secure the typical Venetian studio, with its chilly stone, or

begrimed wooden, floor, its colour-washed walls, its painted ceiling, and its hideous stove. One's quarters there are not luxurious, but they comprise all that is necessary—talent in the occupier, pre-supposed—for the production of pictures.

The artist's living and working rooms are seldom under one and the same roof; the house, in which is his studio, probably contains no sitting rooms or bedrooms. When he gives up work for the day, he leaves his door key with the *padrone* of the house, whose services he enlists for the cleaning of his domain, and whose limited realization of the presence of dirt he is fated speedily to discover. His own apartments are probably on the Grand Canal, where his gondolier, in a smart livery and a gay coloured sash, enacts for him the joint characters of housemaid, footman, valet and gondolier. Or if his financial circumstances demand a humbler home, he may apply his mind to the solution of the problem on how small a sum one may contrive to live in a Venetian *pension*. Or he may hire a cheap sunless bedroom, in the back regions of a house on the sunny Zateri, or Riva Schiavoni, may dine at second-rate restaurants, and appease what hunger remains to him by impromptu meals of steaming soup, of vegetables or chestnuts, at one of the multitudinous stalls, whose proprietors shout "*Caldi e ben coti*—" hot and well cooked—till their own throats and the ears of their listeners grow weary of the sound. In no European city can one live more cheaply than in Venice.

Spend his days and his nights where he may, the artist is almost certain to be found in the evenings on the Piazza; there he smokes his cigar or drinks his coffee, as he reads the news, or chats with an acquaintance at a little table before Caffè Florian, or Caffè Quadri—Florian's has the greater number of artist-frequentors—while the band plays, and the stream of promenaders passes ceaselessly and merrily along.

When once a studio is inhabited, the visits begin of professional models, who are sent, on approval, by other artists, or who call to introduce themselves; there is not in Venice any recognised place, corresponding to the steps of the Trinita in Rome, for models to congregate for inspection and hire. Their terms, when viewed in relation to London prices, are delightfully low. And the convenient size of Venice compared with that of the monster City causes the homes of models to be within such easy reach of the studio, that any one of the fraternity may be looked up at any time. In London, models, whose names are on the list of an artist living, let us say, in Kensington, may possibly inhabit Brixton, or Camberwell, or Kentish Town, or Highgate, or Clapham; they can generally only be applied to by post, and if they put in a late appearance at the studio, on mornings when their employer has least time to spare, there is always the ready excuse that the delivery of the letter, to engage their services, has been delayed.

Everywhere, and at all times, models are to their employers

more or less thorns in the flesh. There are the handsome ones, who are bad sitters. There are the plain ones, who pose well, but whose faces and figures require wearisome modification. There are the intelligent ones, who interest themselves in their occupation, who suggest effective movements, and retain them admirably, but who have a tiresome knack of forgetting appointments, and thereby driving hard-pressed artists to the brink of desperation. A good Venetian representative of the first class of models is a certain Caterina, familiarly known—to distinguish her from others of the same name—as "*Caterina la granda*." She is so young, so gay, and so wonderfully pretty, that it need surprise no one if she is sometimes inclined to presume on her good looks, if she takes small pains to preserve a tiring position, and if she has a general inclination to shirk all kinds of work. Her beautiful face ensures forgiveness for her; it is always full of fascination for us, whether it turns to ours with a bright glance of greeting, in some Venetian studio, whether it passes us with a merry nod, as we sip our coffee at Florian's, or whether, in the gallery of Burlington House, it looks down on us, with its well-known irresistible smile, from the canvasses of Mr. Fildes, Mr. Woods, and other popular representatives of Anglo-Venetian art.

Regina is another well-known Venetian model, and among the most painstaking, intelligent and artistic, though not the most beautiful of the order. "Hang the beauties with their airs!—give me Regina; she'll take any amount of trouble," said an artist the other day, in a burst of gratitude, and the praise was well deserved.

A very characteristic weird face was possessed by a child, popularly known as "the Streyga" (a word whose orthography is matter of some doubt to the present writer, and whose meaning in Venetian dialect seems to be "witch"), who haunts studios and waylays artists, with importunate petitions for employment. If her request is granted, she will sit motionless as a statue, in any position, however irksome, her whole heart and intellect in her work. But her engagements are few; artists hesitate about reproducing her odd, pale face, with its intent dark eyes, and its heavy masses of lustreless coal-black hair. The Streyga is a quaint, eager child, always intensely in earnest, and a capital little woman of business.

The other day, when three girls were posing together in an Englishman's studio, the Streyga was dispatched with the magnificent sum of one franc, to buy lunch for the party. Off she set, a determined look on that strange little face of hers; delight at the prospect of haggling over a bargain was shining in her eyes. Presently she returned in silent triumph, with a meal of fried fish, fruit, bread and wine, and with, wonder of wonders! change to the amount of twenty centessimi—twopence. The artist showed no astonishment; he knew by experience the Streyga's unrivalled



talent for effecting cheap purchases. "I shall want another model to-morrow—an old woman; can you find me an old woman, Streyga?" he said, without lifting his eyes, as he pocketed one penny and tossed the other back to the child. For answer, the Streyga burst out of the room, ran down the stone stairs leading from the studio to a roughly paved court, passed out into a *calle*, and was soon lost to sight. Before long she re-appeared, ushering in two old dames, who, from their resemblance to each other, were obviously sisters. "Behold them!" exclaimed the Streyga in her eager voice, and with a touch of the dramatic effect, which comes naturally to Italians. "It is for the *Signore* to choose whom he will."

The task of selection embarrassed the Englishman, though he did his best to be polite. The lady, who was not chosen, burst into a torrent of abuse of her more fortunate sister. "I am starving," she screamed in the shrillest of tones, "and she," pointing to her companion, and wagging her forefinger ominously, "refuses me a crumb of bread." A few centessimi mollified the irate dame; and the artist returned to his work. His three models sang and chattered, and cut jokes at his expense, in incomprehensible Venetian dialect, and moved from side to side, and severely tried his patience before the day was out. But his temper had often been similarly tried in many another European city; and his perseverance, his love of his art, and his ambition to do great things, were strong enough to conquer all his difficulties. At least, his present subjects were charmingly pretty. On the whole, he is willing to give a fair share of commendation to Venetian models, professional and unprofessional, while on Venice itself, and on the facilities which it offers for the pursuit of art, he bestows, by the bare fact of his continued presence year after year in the same studio, the sincerest, because the most practical, form of praise.

ANNETTE CALTHROP.

## FOR EVER AND AYE.

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In the soften'd light of a summer eve,  
In the shelter'd nook of a woodland dell,  
Where the late bee linger'd, loth to leave,  
The last faint rays of the sunlight fell  
Over her face, so fair, so sweet—  
Over his words so free and fond :  
Ah, never before were the hours so fleet,  
Never a vision so bright beyond—  
“ Love, come what must, or come what may,  
I will be true for ever and aye ! ”

Into a far land wander'd he,  
A soldier seeking to win renown ;  
And whether he sought it—shore or sea—  
By lonely desert or leaguer'd town,  
There follow'd ever a woman's prayer ;  
And be he distant, or be he dead,  
She hearken'd his words in the silent air  
As softly the echoes whispered—  
“ Love, come what must, or come what may,  
I will be true for ever and aye ! ”

In the dim light of cathedral aisles  
A valiant warrior weds his bride,  
A rich, proud lady, full of smiles—  
Proud of the hero by her side.  
Who, kneeling at the altar rail,  
Where fall the organ's deep'ning tones,  
Hears not yon crouching, crush'd one's wail—  
Heeds not the words she, sobbing, moans—  
“ Oh, come what must, or come what may,  
Were you not mine for ever and aye ? ”

Into the depths of the silent night,  
Up to the great white throne on high,  
A weary spirit hath winged its flight—  
A broken heart at his door doth lie ;  
For so women trust, and so men vow,  
And the world wags on in careless glee,  
Till the stricken of heart, forsaken now,  
Seeks a haven of rest where, perchance, there be—  
Let come what must, or come what may—  
Hearts leal and true for ever and aye !

## A CERTAIN ETON BOY.

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THOMAS ARNE, known in after years as Doctor Arne, the eminent English composer, was the son of Mr. Thomas Arne, a fashionable upholsterer in one of the most fashionable London streets at the beginning of the eighteenth century—King Street, Covent Garden. In the year of his birth, 1710, his father's house, the Two Crowns and Cushion, was brought very prominently into notice from the circumstance that the four Indian kings, or chiefs, were lodged in a handsome apartment therein; and when Master Thomas was two years old—in 1712—a most cruel and dreadful fire burnt down the entire house, entailing damage to the extent of between nine and ten thousand pounds.

Mr. Arne, being doubtless a man of substance, appears to have borne the misfortune of the disastrous fire very well. He remained at the Two Crowns and Cushion, and was able to send his eldest boy, Thomas, to Eton. Careful investigation, however, reveals the curious fact that it did not cost much just then for an Eton boy's boarding and school fees. There are, at least, two accounts still in existence, giving a fair idea of the average expense. In 1719, the cost of William Pitt's (Lord Chatham's) education at an Eton boarding-master's house was £29 3d. A half-yearly account paid for Walter Gough (a cousin of the antiquarian), who boarded with a Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett in 1725, amounted to £22 5s. 4d. Of this sum, two guineas were paid to Dr. Bland for half-a-year's teaching, ten to the "Dominie," for board and study, and one to the writing master. There were separate charges for servants, fire in his chamber, and candles. He had a shilling a week for pocket-money, with ten and sixpence extra at Easter. These items afford a pretty good notion of a boy's school expenses at Eton in the early days of George the First.

It would be of interest to know when Thomas Arne, junior, entered Eton College, not only as regards his own personal history, but as showing who were his schoolfellows. There are no documents in existence at the College relating to *oppidans*, i.e., boys not on the Foundation, at the beginning of the last century: consequently, it is only by a species of syllogistical argument that we can arrive at an idea of the possible date when young Thomas Arne's school-days commenced. He, no doubt, was about nine or ten years old when he entered Eton (1719 or 1720). Mr. Arne wished his son to acquire a first-class education, with the view of

putting him to the law. The fathers of clever boys appear to have formerly been invariably anxious to make their sons into lawyers, and to have dreaded and disliked other than the legal profession.

Dr. Henry Bland, who came from Doncaster School, was at that time head-master of Eton. He was a man of fine and stately presence: an accomplished Latin scholar: a Whig in politics, enthusiastic in temperament, and, if contemporary scandal may be trusted, an Arian in creed. He introduced a new system of declamation, according to which the boys had to sustain opposite sides in an argument. This led to a good deal of rivalry, not always in the shape of friendly emulation. In one instance, a grand "set to" ensued between a couple of the senior collegers—Thomas Morell, the future lexicographer, and William Battie, budding physician, and founder of a scholarship at Cambridge. Morell, after the manner of boys when enforcing an argument, knocked Battie's head against the wall of the chapel; but unluckily this did not end the point at issue, for three days' after, Battie's mother made a rush at Morell, and slapped him in the face. Mrs. Battie was a valorous woman, and had actually attacked the great Dr. Snape himself (Dr. Bland's predecessor), declaring that he postponed the time of a "remove," or examination, because Morell was troubled with toothache, and thus her boy lost a good chance. Dr. Bland resigned in 1728, being appointed to the deanery of Durham by his old schoolfellow, Sir Robert Walpole. Sir Robert offered to make him a bishop, but this honour he declined. It was said Sir Robert never forgot his old schoolfellows, nor missed an opportunity of favouring them. Dr. Bland was succeeded by Dr. William George, who was a scholar of the approved Eton type, especially skilled in the composition of Latin verses, but said to have been wanting in common sense and practical ability. One of his pupils, Charles Pratt (afterwards Lord Chancellor, as Lord Camden), declared he was naturally goodnatured and pleasant, yet ridiculous from his pedantic ways; not only foolish, but proud, ill-mannered and brutal. His boys dubbed him Dionysius the Tyrant. Two brief stories show how much of a scholar he was, and how little of a courtier or fine gentleman. He contributed to the Cambridge "*Luctus*," on the death of Frederick, Prince of Wales, a copy of iambic verses, addressed to the young prince who was afterwards George the Third. It was subsequently published in the *Musæ Etonenses*. The first line was

*"Spes nuper sitera, prima nunc, Britannine."*

These verses were shown to Pope Benedict XIV (Prosper Lambertini), himself a good classical scholar: his Holiness was so charmed with them that he said, had the writer been a Catholic, he would have made him a Cardinal. As it was, he borrowed a Cardinal's cap, and laid it on the manuscript: from this singular

investiture, Dr. George's iambics were thenceforth known as "the Cardinal Verses." The reverse anecdote tells how an ambitious blue-stocking recited to him a few Latin verses across a card table, as a specimen of her classical attainments. "Madam," said the brusque Doctor, "if you were in the lowest form of the Upper School, I should lay you upon our block for that recitation, which contains in three lines, two false quantities, and the same number of concords equally false." He was much laughed at for the pompous mode in which he used to declaim Greek to his boys. One day, Frederick, Prince of Wales, is said to have peeped through a chink in the doors of the Upper School, and to have been immensely tickled by the bombastic style in which the head master was explaining the Greek lesson.

It is most probable that Thomas Arne began his education under Dr. Bland, and finished under Dr. George.

Dr. Bland, and after him Dr. George, ruled a magnificent cluster of boys within the walls of Eton College. As more than one writer has observed, the list would include the names of several among our most distinguished English statesmen and authors belonging to the eighteenth century—the men who carved the history and literature of that stormy epoch; a period of perplexing transition, an epoch when those who were passing through its lines hardly knew whither their mission led—an epoch even yet a puzzle and a study to the puzzling and puzzled nineteenth century.

Judging by their respective ages, chronologically arranged, the following names must be those of the most remarkable of Thomas Arne's schoolfellows: Henry Fox (Lord Holland); Gilbert West; Henry Fielding; Ralph Thicnesse of Farthouhroe; William Pitt (Earl of Chatham); Charles Hanbury Williams, subsequently a sparkling man of fashion, a wit, poet, and dramatist, who lent wild Henry Fielding occasional guineas; George, the "good" Lord Lyttelton; William Cooke, afterwards head-master of Eton; Richard Earl Temple; Frederick Cornwallis, subsequently Archbishop of Canterbury; John, Earl of Bute; William Cole (afterwards a clergyman, celebrated for antiquarian research); Charles Lyttelton, brother of the "good" Lord Lyttelton; (Dr.) Jeremiah Milles; Charles Pratt (Earl Camden), and Jacob Bryant, one of the most learned scholars whom it has been the fortune of Eton to produce. Of these boys, Ralph Thicnesse (entered 1720), William Cook (entered 1721), and Jacob Bryant (entered 1730) were on the Foundation. Henry Fox was born 1705, Henry Fielding 1707, William Pitt 1708, while Charles Pratt was born 1714, and Jacob Bryant 1715, and the ages of the other boys ranged between those dates. Thus the elder boys would be four or five years older than Thomas Arne, and the younger four or five years his juniors.

Were it possible, there would be a strong temptation to loiter awhile in the cool quiet retirement of Eton with the boy Thomas

Arne. It is the only fresh breath of air in his entire life. He was a Londoner of the most determined type: if not able to brag of being born within sound of Bow Bells, certainly he was always very nearly within their echoes. The remainder of his life reeks of oil lamps and stage paint, beats with the thumping of the scene-carpenter's hammer, the thrill of fiddle strings, the racket of the stage by day and by candle light, the not invariably Johnsonian chitter chatter of stage players, the silly gaieties of supper parties in close streets round about Covent Garden, the frivolities of Vauxhall. But the innocent pleasures of Eton—the old traditional school games, the boyish tops, the kites, peg in the ring, conquering lobs, hunt the hare, and other sports, to say nothing of the tumultuous delights of the Boy Bishop election, the rollicking fun of the ram hunt, the pleasing joys of Montem, the exhilarating fireworks of Election Saturday, discharged from the sylvan recesses of Piper's Eyot, have unhackneyed charms of their own. Even the more risky attractions of pony races at Datchet, at Chalvey, or in South Meadow, or rides to Sunning Hill, Gerard's Cross, or other Arcadian spots, or even big visits to Ascot Races, or manly billiards at Lawrington's or Gibson's, and tennis at Jermyn's are pleasant to picture, even if the strict moralist objected to mild punch at "Christopher's," and cock-fighting in Bedford's Yard, or bull-baiting in Bachelor's Acre. If the youthful Etonian stayed out too late or too long, and seemed inclined to get into mischief, was there not Jack Cutler, the Pursuivant of Runaways, with his assistants, to bring him back again to the safe shelter of the fatherly old walls?

Young Thomas Arne distinguished himself at Eton in a way not contemplated by his ambitious parent. He obtained, by some means, an old cracked flute, and tortured his schoolfellows at all hours of the day and night by practising, when not compelled to mind his legitimate studies. Latin and Greek, mathematics and syntax, might suit Harry Fielding, Charley Pratt, William Pitt, or those kind of fellows, well enough: he loved not such dry pursuits. All his life, Thomas Arne was led by one idea, which he followed with implicit, well-nigh blind, devotion. He possessed the one talent, and used that to the utmost of his strength: like a bird which having but a few melodious notes, sings these, if with little variety, yet with sustained sweetness and perseverance.

On leaving school and returning home, Thomas Arne relinquished the antiquated flute in favour of a dilapidated old spinet. But not daring to torture the paternal ears as he had done those of his schoolfellows, lest his precious instrument should be pitched out of the window, and himself bundled out of doors, he muffled the strings with a silk handkerchief, and played during the night. In after years he told this story (maybe across the walnuts and the wine) to Doctor Burney, who no doubt laughed heartily,



though deeming it worth a place in the big History of Music.

All this time, young Thomas Arne never ventured openly to combat the scheme of his being "bred to the law." But his thoughts, best affections, and leisure time drifted irresistibly towards music. To visit the Opera was his greatest delight. He was unable to pay the heavy price asked for admission, so hit on an ingenious device, as he afterwards told Doctor Burney. Somebody used to lend him a livery, and disguised in this, he frequently went to the upper gallery, then set apart for footmen in attendance on their masters. It was a noisy, turbulent place: the servants had always been a nuisance in the theatre, even when not admitted before the fifth act, but they gradually became more and more intolerable and intolerant. They would thunder out their applause or disapprobation and create an uproar, when boxes and pit were silent. In one of the journals—the "*Female Tatler*," December 9th, 1709—once appeared an odd advertisement, calling attention in a jesting spirit, to this annoyance: "Dropt, near the playhouse in the Haymarket, a bundle of horse-whips, designed to belabour the footmen in the upper gallery, who almost every night this winter (1709) have made such an intolerable disturbance that the players could not be heard, and their masters were forced to hiss 'em into silence. Whoever has taken up the said whips is desired to leave 'em with my Lord Rake's porter, several noblemen resolving to exercise 'em on their backs the next frosty morning." The directors of the Opera one season (1721), threatened to shut up the gallery altogether.

Those were resplendent and exciting days at the Opera, when Handel and Porpora were the idols of rival parties; when ladies of the highest fashion caballed and encouraged faction fights over the opposing merits of the impertinant goddess, Cuzzoni, and her beautiful enemy, Faustina; when the nobility subscribed fifty thousand pounds at a time to establish a new Italian Opera; when Senesino, that impudent bully and braggadocio, with a voice like an angel and a temper like a devil, was half-worshipped by the patrician world. Italian Opera, not yet a score of years old, was hated by the English singers and composers, and several burlesque "operas" had been brought out, in the hope of turning it into ridicule, and driving it out of favour. Various English dramatic operas—plays with songs introduced—had been produced since their invention by that rollicking cavalier, Sir William Davenant, but all the efforts of Dr. Pepusch, Vanbrugh, Christopher Rich, Mrs. Tofts, Leveridge, Harry Carey, and others, had not achieved more than a passing ephemeral success for any of the pieces, which lacked the true elements of popularity.

Susanna Maria, Thomas' eldest sister, was inspired by this musical mania. She was a pretty, clever, ardent-spirited, sympathetic girl, and wished to be musical, though she had no

marked genius for the art, and her voice, while sweet, was of mediocre quality.

The father, curiously enough, did not know anything of this singular passion for music gaining ground in his household. Thomas Arne, junior, was afraid to betray his predilections, and weakly allowed himself to be bound to a three years' clerkship to an attorney. He detested the profession; every moment of his spare time, and every moment he could beg, borrow, or steal from his irksome employment, was devoted to the study of music. Not only did he continue to practise on his favourite spinet, but he began to study the violin. His progress on that difficult instrument was surprisingly rapid, and he soon found appreciative auditors.

One evening his father happened to call on business at the house of a gentleman who lived in the neighbourhood. A concert was going on, and he was invited to be present. Great was his astonishment to find his son Thomas playing first fiddle! The anecdote is brief, but it is enough.

It was useless opposing such an unconquerable taste—or passion. Better let the youth be a good musician than a bad lawyer. So the old man agreed to permit his son to follow his own fancies. When Master Arne was granted free leave and licence to play aloud in his father's house, he "bewitched the whole family." His father was then induced to let him take lessons from the admired German violinist, Mr. Festing.

Michael Christian Festing had been himself carefully trained, first by Richard Jones, leader of the Drury Lane band, and afterwards by Geminiani, besides deriving considerable benefit from the friendly counsels of Dr. Greene. Although not a violinist of the first rank, inferior to several contemporary performers, with a shallow knowledge of counterpoint, and not much esteemed as a composer, he was admired, respected and universally liked. Polished in manner, singularly sympathetic, kind and liberal, full of good sense, prudent in conduct, and strictly honourable, he was a valuable friend for a young man to gain. By degrees he acquired influence in his profession, and a circle of faithful friends. He stood very high in the opinion of Handel—who, indeed, had given him a prominent position in the orchestra at the Opera: a few years later, when Castrucci's powers failed, and it was necessary to supersede him, the great directors shared the command between Veracini and Festing. Poor Castrucci, an unhappy old fellow, three-quarters crazy, felt absolutely furious at being pushed on one side by younger men, and was particularly spiteful against Festing, because he was his immediate supplanter. A gentleman, more humorous than humane, used to tease him with this intensely stupid joke—"Mr. *Festing*—I beg your pardon, Mr. *Castrucci*, I mean?" the sole point of the witticism being that it invariably caused the old man to splutter with rage. It was

supposed to be excellent fun to put him into a towering passion. Hogarth set him nearly mad by collecting all the noisiest street players, ballad-mongers, and hawkers to be found, and inciting them to raise a frightful din in front of the sensitive old violinist's house; having brought him to the window in a state of horror and frenzy, he sketched him, with the howling mob, and produced his caricature of the "Enraged Musician."

Festing filled the place of first violin at a musical meeting called the Philharmonic Society, and chiefly composed of noblemen and gentlemen, amateurs who met on Wednesday nights during the winter season, at the Crown and Anchor Tavern in the Strand. He also led at the concert at Hickford's room, at the Swan and Castle concerts in the City, and often at Handel's oratorios. No benefit concert took place at which Festing did not play a solo on the violin. He was an enthusiast, whose feelings were easily aroused, and probably he sympathized with the lad who had struggled alone against such depressing impediments.

There is a curious story related of this period of Thomas Arne's career, which, if not true, is *ben trovato*, and painfully symbolical of his character and conduct through life. It is told that one evening Festing called at the Two Crowns and Cushion to give him the usual lesson. Thomas was in the ware-room, violin in hand, his book lying on the top of a coffin. Like most sympathetic people, not of the first order of talent or intellect, the German was superstitious. With a shudder, he said to his pupil that he could not play before so sinister a music stand; that he should not be able to drive away the idea that it might contain a dead body. Thomas Arne smiled cynically and pushed aside the lid. "So it does," he replied, with the phlegm of a Dutchman. It is asserted that Michael Festing was so affrighted that he would never enter the house again.

Not only was young Thomas Arne allowed to pursue his own schemes as a musical student, but he was permitted to train his sister Susanna. He had probably aroused her interest and curiosity by telling her of all he had seen and heard at the Opera, made her familiar with the peculiarities and qualities of Cuzzoni, Faustina, Anastasia Robinson, Madame Durastanti; and enlightened her as to the politics of the rival Opera houses, of Handel and Porpora. And no doubt Miss Arne herself was no infrequent visitor at the Opera.

Everybody was raving about music and musicians. Even at White's men of wit and letters talked of nothing else. "Those who can judge of a Virgil, or point out the Beauties of a Shakespeare," complains a writer about this period (in "A Letter to my Lord . . . on the Present Diversion of the Town," 1725), "sacrifice that delight to the more agreeable Talk of Fuges, Counterfuges, Divisions, &c. . . . We are as great Pedants in Music as any University can produce in the Classics. Yet even this might be

tolerable in those who are Judges of it; in others, who have a delicate Ear, and Taste; but the Infection reaches farther, even to them, who are entirely ignorant of the Science, who have no Relish for it, no satisfaction in it, who are weary of an Opera, before it is half finished; and these generally, if not always, make a great part of the Audience."

E. C. NEEDHAM.

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TO A CUCKOO.

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Most intelligent bird!  
For you know your own name,  
And you win all your fame,  
By repeating one word,  
Cuckoo, only cuckoo!

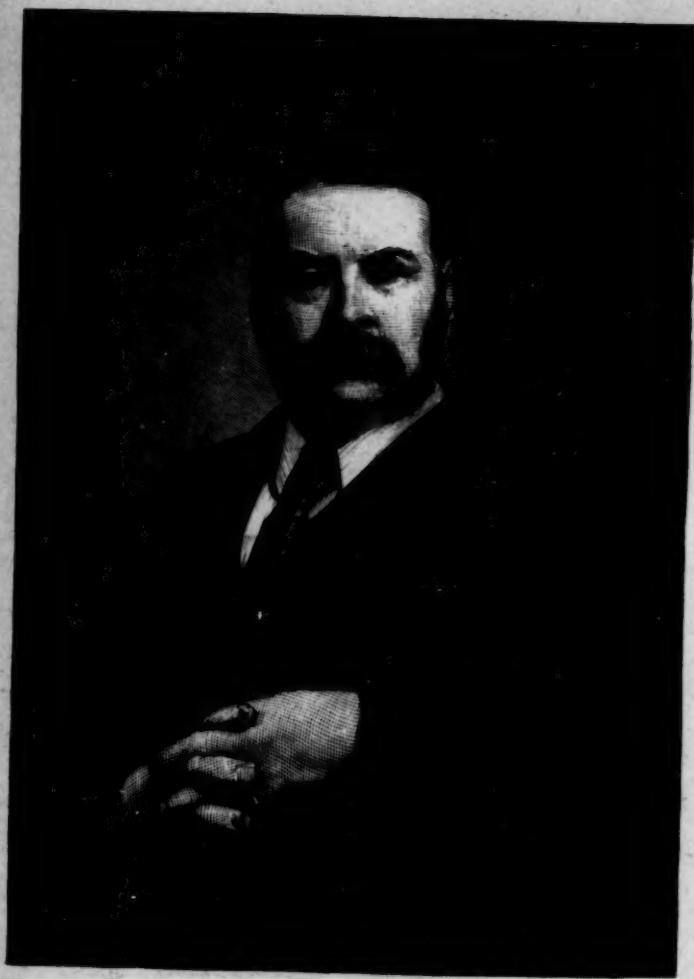
As you fly like a hawk,  
From hedgerow to hedgerow,  
With a hawk's spirit too,  
Of yourself is your talk,  
Cuckoo, only cuckoo!

With Satanic-like zest—  
Though the sound from your chest,  
Soft as turtle dove's coo—  
You will steal a bird's nest,  
Chanting, cuckoo, cuckoo!

There are cuckoos my way  
Oft experience brings,  
Without any wings,  
And face like a man's,  
Speaking softly as you,  
With similar plans,  
As bad if not worse;  
Their bird's nest is my purse.

F. G. CHARLESWORTH.





MR. JAMES KITSON, JUN. .

[See "Fortunes Made in Business."